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The Fisherman's Song.

Come, messmates! 'tis time to hoist our sail;
It is fair as fair can be;
And the ebbing tide and the northerly gale
Will carry us out to sea.
So down with the boat from the beach so steep,
We must part with the setting sun;
For ere we can spread out our nets in the deep,
We've a weary way to run.

As through the night watches we drift about,
We'll think of the times that are fled,
And of Him who once called other fishermen out
To be fishers of men instead.
Like us, they had hunger and cold to bear;
Rough weather, like us, they knew;
And He who guarded them by His care
Full often was with them, too!

'Twas the fourth long watch of a stormy night,
And but little way they had made,
When He came o'er the waters and stood in their sight,
And their hearts were sore afraid;
But He cheered their spirits, and said, 'It is I,'
And then they could fear no harm;
And though we cannot behold Him nigh,
He is guarding us still with His arm.

They had toiled all the night and had taken nought;
He commanded the stormy sea;
They let down their nets, and of fishes caught
A hundred and fifty-three.
And good success to our boat He will send,
If we trust in His mercy aright;
For He pitieth those who at home depend
On what we shall take to-night.

And if ever in danger and fear we are tossed
About on the stormy deep,
We'll tell how they once thought that all was lost,
When their Lord 'was fast asleep;'
He saved them then—He can save us still—
For His are the winds and the sea;
And if He is with us, we'll fear no ill,
Whatever the danger be.

Or if He see fit that our boat should sink,
By a storm or a leak, like lead,
Yet still of the glorious day we'll think
When the sea shall yield her dead;
For they who depart in His faith and fear,
Shall find that their passage is short,
From the troublesome waves that beset life here
To the everlasting port!
—'Toilers of the Deep.'

The Christian in Relation to Society.

The Apostle Paul speaks about the attitude of Christians to the social gatherings of life, with special reference to the heathen feasts and social entertainments. He lays down a number of principles in connection with this subject which have still a very practicable application to our present-day life. It is true that we are not concerned with the question of meat sacrificed to idols, but we are concerned with the principle on which that particular matter was to be regulated and that applies to all questions of our social life.

One of these principles is, 'All things are lawful unto me, but all things edify not.' That will settle a great many questions. Is it for the good of others? Is it for the glory of God? Is it the most practical use of my time, that I should engage in this thing?

The next principle is, 'All things are lawful, but I will not be brought under the power of any.' This applies to a great many indulgences which easily become engrossing; any amusement, yea, any legitimate occupation that absorbs us too much and becomes necessary to our happiness is dangerous. Any social friendship, which possesses us, and takes away our perfect liberty of conscience and will, is wrong, especially if you

find yourself under another's undue influence and power. There is a social hypnotism which has perverted many a true life, and to which you have no right ever to expose your freedom in the Lord.

Another principle, and one of far-reaching application is, 'Take heed lest by any means your liberty become a stumbling-block to them that are weak.' 'If meat make my brother to offend I will eat no flesh while the world standeth.' This principle ought to settle most of the questions relating to our indulgences in things which we believe to be for us harmless and lawful.

Take, for example, the question of the use of stimulants. What is the effect of this indulgence on innumerable lives, and what may the effect of our example be upon others? There can be but one answer to this question, and on the ground of love, the sensitive conscience will be prohibited from the use of that which may become a stumbling-block to a brother.

The same principle may be applied to the horse-race, the theatre and the dance. We know of most painful instances where young men who have been saved from the world have been led back to the horse-race and the intoxicating cup by the example of their Sunday-school teacher or some Christian friend.

A man who loved horses with what he believed to be an innocent affection and a good conscience, and who had no sympathy with the abuses of the ring, was the occasion of the ruin of some of the noblest members of his own bible-class, who would never have thought of going had they not seen him on his way.

This also includes the Sunday newspaper, the doubtful novel, the society ball, the cigar and pipe of the smoker, and the whole range of doubtful things which may be decided without any difficulty or doubt, by the higher law of what is the best for others, for the glory of God, and what is the most Christlike thing for me to do.—'Christian Alliance.'

Some Ways of Interesting a Sunday-School in Missions.

(By Miss N. B. Forman, in 'Endeavor Herald.')

Everyone who has anything to do with children knows how they love to help, or to feel their importance. Let us appeal to this tendency by giving them something to do along missionary lines. Make them feel that there is responsibility attached, and that what they do 'counts.' Children are the most practical Christians on earth, always responding when something definite is given them to do for the Master they love, and the missionary cause is so fraught with needs they can help supply, that no field of effort is a more useful one in which to exercise their virtues.

It is best to make some systematic effort. Let missionary teaching be a live factor in the work of the school, and not relegate it to one Sunday a year. A good plan is to have every sixth Sunday, say, or one Sunday a month, or one a quarter, a missionary day. On this Sunday have the collection for missions, and have someone who knows how to talk to children give a short talk on some missionary theme. Child life in the different heathen countries could be made intensely interesting, especially if illustrated. A series of these talks would be worth trying. Stories of missionary heroes and their adventures are interesting too. Why not celebrate the birthdays of some of these great men? The anniversaries of the dates of their arrival at their different posts might be suitably remembered. These talks need not take up more than five or ten minutes, and so need not interfere with the regular lesson. Not only will they prove interesting, but they help to make the pupils intelligent about missions.

Then, too, these inquisitive little beings should be taught how the missionary funds are spent. They should know the name of the general secretary of missions of their denomination and his address. They should know, too, in what countries and at what points their denomination has missionaries at work, and should be familiar with the names of as many of the missionaries as possible. It is surprising how many interesting items the children will find for themselves when once their interest is aroused. It is well to have a missionary superintendent or secretary appointed who can arrange for these programmes, and whose business it shall be to be on the alert for new schemes to keep up the enthusiasm.

Be sure to have a good supply of missionary books in your library, and advertise them. Missionary leaflets are also very profitable. A plan one school tried was this: Quite a number of copies of 'Who will open the Door for Ling Te?' and other short stories were secured and bound in bright-colored cotton. These were given to the children, to be loaned by them to as many people as they could induce to read them. One little girl brought in a list of 561 names of persons who had read hers, and many others had over 300.

A word about the collections. Do all you can to get the pupils to give money they have earned or that is their very own.

Many schools are adopting the plan of celebrating Christmas by allowing the children to send gifts to less fortunate little ones either in the city missions or among the Indians, and the children enjoy this more than receiving gifts themselves.

With conscientious efforts to educate the children along these lines, may we not expect to see not only much money, but many bright young lives, devoted to this grand work?

Dull Children.

There is nothing like a masterpiece of literature on which to sharpen the wits of a dull boy or girl. One of the best school principals I have ever met, once said to me, 'If I had a stupid pupil whom I wished to brighten up, I would do nothing during the first six months but entertain him with interesting reading.' People who try to develop reason in a child before developing imagination, begin at the wrong end. A child must imagine a thing before he can reason about it. The child who has had his powers of imagination opened up through 'Pilgrim's Progress,' is much better fitted to attack 'Longitude and Time,' or 'Relative Pronouns,' than the boy who has been kept stupidly at work committing text to memory or reducing common fractions to circulating decimals. The dullest boy in mathematics that I ever knew, the boy who declared that he was tired of life because there was so much arithmetic in it, and persistently read Burns and Shakespeare, soon mastered arithmetic when it became necessary in order that he might accept a position as teacher in a high school. People will always learn arithmetic as fast as necessity compels them if they know how to read. I wish I might reverse the order and say that a child brought up on cube and square roots thereby attained the power to master the great thoughts which lie in poetry and science.—Mary E. Burt.

A Father's Happy Death.

Mr. David Clark remarks: 'Some months ago, I met a young man who told me he was about to join the church. I was surprised, for, from what I knew of him, he swayed between Universalism and Agnosticism; the only thing upon which he was always sure was that the bible could not be trusted, and was not inspired. I enquired what had wrought the happy spiritual change, and was told, with tears in the young fellow's eyes, that his father was dead. His father had been a most sincere and active Christian, and his death was a singularly beautiful one. Knowing that he was going, he had for weeks looked confidently forward to meeting his Saviour, and when at last the summons came, he was ready, and passed without fear or terror, without pain or struggle, from being with his Saviour on earth to being with him in glory. His son had witnessed his closing days, and the assurance was borne in upon him that there must be something beyond the grave. The body might die, but the spirit, which feared not death, and rose superior to it, could not be subdued even by the grim king. His father's death proved to him that there was a hereafter, which he had always been ready to doubt, and he found himself kneeling at the feet of his father's God and asking for mercy.'—'Christian Herald.'

Three Followers.

The wise old Hassan sat at his door, when three young men pressed eagerly by.

'Are ye following after anyone, my sons?' he said.

'I follow after Pleasure,' said the oldest.

'And I after Riches,' said the second. 'Pleasure is only to be found with riches.'

'And you, my little one?' he asked of the third.

'I follow after Duty,' he modestly said.

And each went his way.

The aged Hassan, in his journey, came upon three men.

'My son,' he said to the eldest, 'methinks thou wert the youth who was following after Pleasure. Didst thou overtake her?'

'No, father,' answered the man. 'Pleasure is but a phantom that flies as one approaches.'

'Thou didst not follow the right way, my son.'

'How didst thou fare?' he asked of the second.

'Pleasure is not with Riches,' he answered.

'And thou?' continued Hassan, addressing the youngest.

'As I walked with Duty,' he replied, 'Pleasure walked ever by my side.'

'It is always thus,' said the old man. 'Pleasure pursued is not overtaken. Only her shadow is caught by him who pursues. She herself goes hand in hand with Duty; and they who make Duty their companion have also the companionship of Pleasure.'—Source unknown.

The Longest Day.

At New York the longest day is about fifteen hours, and at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours.

At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantzig, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours.

At Stockholm, Sweden, the longest day is eighteen and one-half hours in length.

At Tornea, Finland, June 21st brings a day nearly twenty-four hours long, and Christmas one less than three hours in length.—'Morning Star.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

[For the 'Messenger.'

Our Adventure at the Crags.

About two years ago I was spending the vacation with Harry Ainsley, at his father's farm. The country around was somewhat wild and hilly, and many a good ramble we had among the woods and rocks, after berries and birds' eggs. But on one of these occasions we met with an adventure which came so nearly proving serious that it checked our roving tendencies for a time.

I had been at Pinegrove Farm for about a fortnight, when Harry proposed to take me to see 'The Crags,' a cluster of high, rocky hills about seven miles distant. I agreed, of course, for I had never seen anything approaching a mountain, and accordingly next morning we set off, accompanied by Harry's dog, Caesar. We walked leisurely along, for the day was hot, and reached our destination sometime after noon.

I shall never forget my sensations, as I stood at the base and gazed up at 'The Crags.' A wild, rocky hill, so high that its topmost peak seemed to reach the clouds, it rose abruptly on one side and sloped rapidly down on the other, while in places the descent was broken by huge boulders or projecting ledges of rock. Here and there up the sides grew clumps of stunted pines and cedars, while tangled masses of clinging vine fell over the rocks, softening their rugged outline and imparting to the whole scene an appearance of wild beauty such as I had never seen before.

I was roused from my rapt contemplation by Harry's voice calling me to lunch.

'Well, are you ready, Guy?' said Harry, springing up, when we had finished our pleasant repast. 'I say! where's the dog? Here, Caesar! Caesar!' but no Caesar appeared, and we were obliged to proceed without him.

For a while we contented ourselves with exploring the base of the hill, examining the curious little crevices and caves, and the queer little staircase that had been formed by the rain, which made quite a mountain torrent in the spring. But this would not long satisfy our adventurous spirits.

'Look, Guy!' said Harry, pointing to a rocky ledge far above our heads, 'what a splendid view we should get from there! Let us try it!'

So up we clambered, now quickly, now slowly, clinging to the vines and trees, till at length we stood, hot and breathless, on the ledge.

And what a beautiful scene was spread before us! Far and near stretched wide, green fields, dotted here and there with cattle, while from many a cosy homestead the blue smoke curled upward in the still hot air. In the distance was the river, winding like a silver thread and far away, a church spire rose, high above its churchyard trees. Over all arched a sky of surpassing blue, relieved by drifting clouds of white.

'GRAB THIS! QUICK! QUICK!'

As I gazed upward, my eye was attracted by what appeared to be a large nest, high up on the peak above us.

'I say, Harry! look there!' I exclaimed in an excited whisper.

'An eagle's nest, as sure as I live,' said Harry, whose imagination was apt to get the better of him. 'See! we can climb up here, jump across there and reach it in no time.'

So, throwing prudence to the winds, we began our perilous ascent. Up, up, we scrambled, higher and higher, clinging to a vine here, a rock there, clutching at anything that would afford a hold, till we stood at last, triumphant, on the top.

But the nest! alas! A bundle of dried weeds and twigs—blown together by the wind, met our disappointed gaze.

'Pshaw!' said Harry, in great disgust. 'How on earth—— Holloa!' For scattering the offending twigs with one vigorous kick, I had overbalanced myself, slipped several feet and fallen.

I picked myself up with a happy laugh but checked it instantly on seeing the expression on my companion's face.

'Back, Guy! quick! quick! we are on the crumbling rocks.'

But the warning came too late. With a

'WELL, ARE YOU READY, GUY?'

sound like the crash of thunder, the rock gave way beneath us and bruised and bewildered we were swept resistlessly along by the sand and stones, that came crashing down the hillside, and were roughly deposited on the ledge below.

'Grab this! quick! quick! gasped Harry, catching at a slender little tree which overhung the rock.

Half wild with terror, I caught the tree, just as with a resounding crash the ledge gave way beneath our feet.

'Oh, Harry, what is it?' I exclaimed.

'This whole western side of the Crags is crumbling away. Oh, how could I forget! Oh, Guy! what shall we do?'

Our situation was truly terrible. Here we were, alone, above the awful Crags, far above the ground, with nothing but a slender tree, which bent beneath our weight, to save us from instant death. For beneath us the ground was covered with sharp, cruel rocks, and what death could await us, if we fell upon them from that dizzy height?

'This is terrible, terrible,' I cried, in great agitation. 'Oh, Harry! what shall we do?'

'Let us shout!' said Harry.

'Help! help!' we shouted, again and agin; but nought but the mocking echoes replied, till, weak and exhausted, we were obliged to stop.

Oh! how faint and dizzy I felt! How long could we hang thus? My strength was already giving way. And suppose the tree should break! The thought was too terrible. With a convulsive shudder, I tightened my hold. Oh, surely some one would come to our aid. But the moments passed with leaden feet, and still we clung to our slender support.

The sun was now sinking in the west, and a cool, damp wind had sprung up, which in our exposed position chilled us through and through. Suppose night should come before anyone could come to save us. Could we cling there through all the long terrible hours of cold and darkness, till the dawning? Ah, no! Unless help came quickly, it would come too late.

'Oh, Harry!' I said, faintly, 'I can cling here no longer—I must let go.'

'Just look below!' said my companion, in calm, despairing tones.

I looked down and shuddered. Terrible, indeed, would be my fate if I should fall on those cruel sharp rocks beneath. With the strength of desperation I grasped the tree yet tighter, determined never to let go till help arrived. But the sun sank slowly to rest, and the golden glow faded from the western sky; yet no one came.

'ROLLED SWIFTLY DOWN THE STEEP INCLINE.'

Overcome by cold and terror, I at length sank into a kind of stupor, from which I was aroused by Harry's despairing voice:

'Guy, the tree is giving way.'

I looked up, and realized with sickening horror the truth of his words. The slender tree, unable to bear the prolonged strain, was slowly withdrawing its roots from the rock.

'Oh, Harry! Harry! let us shout again!' I cried.

'Help! help! help! help!' we shouted, frantically, and, oh, joy! was that an answering cry? Again it came, a bark, a howl, and Caesar appeared at the base of the Crag.

'Oh, Caesar! Caesar! bring us help!' implored Harry, as if appealing to a human being. And the faithful dog, with one long, piteous howl, seized my cap, which had fallen to the ground, and dashed off in the direction of the farm.

'He will bring us help—he understands!' exclaimed Harry, excitedly. 'Guy, Guy, hold tight!'

Too late! With a wild, despairing cry, I loosed my hold on the slender tree, rolled swiftly down the steep incline, and all was dark and still.

* * * * * * *

When I regained consciousness, I was lying in bed in a cool, darkened room, and Harry was sitting by my bedside. The sight of him recalled all the terrible events of my last waking hours, and, covering my face with my hands, I burst into a fit of weeping.

Harry endeavored to soothe me, and at my request related all that had occurred after I lost consciousness.

About half-way down the hillside, I had been mercifully detained by a prickly bush, which held me till the men whom Caesar had fetched came to our relief. With the aid of ropes, they had rescued, first Harry and then me, and taken us home.

All next-day I had remained unconscious; but, although I continued weak and nervous for a day or two, and Harry was somewhat bruised and shaken, we were not otherwise much the worse for our adventure at the Crags.

Remission.

(By Mrs. Macnaughton.)

Archie and Dick looked as miserable as two healthy, high-spirited boys could look. It was a beautiful summer evening. Outside they could hear their boy friends shouting in their play, while they were prisoners in the school-room at home.

'I don't see why mother should make us stay indoors for trimming Mary's hat. It's all her own fault. She is always saying that she wants something that nobody else is wearing. And I am sure dead mice look quite as well as dead birds on a hat.'

'Specially that one that looked as if it were running round the brim,' added Archie.

'And after all the trouble of fastening them on!' Dick grumbled. 'I can't see where the harm comes in.'

'Wouldn't it have looked nice if we could have had a kitten on, too, running after the mice?' said Archie.

'But we had no dead kittens and they only put dead things on girls' hats,' replied Dick in a grumpy tone.

Quite an event had happened for the boys that morning. There had been three mice caught in cook's trap. After a good deal of pleading, she had been persuaded to hand the three dead bodies over to Archie and Dick. It took them some time to decide what to do with them. Whether to have a grand state funeral, or to put them in a glass case for a natural history museum, they did not know. Finally they hit upon the delightful plan of re-trimming sister Mary's best hat. It would be a surprise for her. But that young lady of nineteen bitterly resented the boys' attempt at millinery.

There had been quite a commotion, it seemed to the boys, and everybody in the house was 'shocked.' The 'pleasant surprise' had been a failure.

'What shall we do till bed-time?' asked Dick, who was the oldest.

'I'm going to read,' said Archie, who was always happy with a book.

'Oh, yes, of course you'll read, because I have nobody else to play with,' said Dick, savagely.

But Archie was already deep in his book, and did not reply.

Dick was very cross. He felt as if he would like to fight everybody. He even felt cross with himself that he had been so stupid as 'to touch that old hat.' The hat was not old, but when people are in the frame of

mind that Dick was in just now, everything and everybody is 'old,' or 'stupid,' or 'nasty,' or some such thing.

'I'm not going to stay here if you'll not speak to me,' he said presently to Archie.

'Very well,' said Archie, mildly, without looking up.

'You're meaner than everybody else put together, and I won't talk to you or do anything for you any more; and I won't even stay in the same room as you.'

So saying he went out angrily, and off to his bedroom.

It was not often that Dick did any thinking, except about his lessons in school-time. Always active and full of fun, he rarely spent a minute in this way. But just now he was shut up to his own thoughts, and they were not very happy ones. He had flung himself down on the bed, and there he lay, with his hands behind his head.

'I don't know what's to become of me in the end,' he said, presently. 'Now, I suppose if I had been a good boy I should have gone to Mary and asked her first if she wouldn't like some little mice in her hat, instead of birds, for a change. But the fact is, I have a great deal of bad in me, and I am only just finding it out. If I were good, now, I should have let Archie read in peace. Then, I should never get into tempers, nor give cheek—and I am always doing that kind of thing. I have done more bad things of all sorts than I can count up. Many a time, if mother was not there, I've gone to bed without saying my prayers.'

Dick was beginning to feel very uncomfortable. Thinking was not pleasant work.

'How much more bad there is inside me I don't know. And the longer I live the more bad I'll have done. That's the worst of it. And I don't want to die just now, for I don't know what God would do with me. I don't see how he could take me to heaven; and even if he did, I should soon have to be put outside for being naughty, for they don't have anything of that sort there.'

Dick was now deep in thought. Presently he sat up.

'I'll make a fresh start from now. I'll say my prayers twice every night for a month—then that will be about straight; and I'll take my hat to Mary and let her do anything she likes with it; and I'll give Archie my very nicest book; and then I'll just be — I don't quite know what to call it—but double good.'

On the morrow Dick stood quietly before Mary, with his hat in his hand.

'I've brought my hat, and you can do anything you like with it,' he said.

Mary understood the boy's expression of repentance, and her answer carried much comfort to poor Dick.

'Don't trouble any more about it, my dear, I have restored my headgear to its former state, so, you see, I'll not require to avenge myself on your best hat. And I am not at all sure our mother would have been pleased had she to buy a new hat for you. But really, Dick, I should be glad if you would try to keep out of mischief, and be good—at any rate, for a little while. Perhaps then you would begin to like it, and——'

'I'm going to be,' broke in Dick, impulsively. 'I shall be the best kind of a boy you ever knew—just double-good. You'll see.'

Archie was more difficult to deal with.

'Give me your new book!' he exclaimed in astonishment. 'I don't want it.'

'But I want you to take it,' said Dick decidedly.

'I'll borrow it, then, if I want to read it; but I won't have it to keep.'

'I would rather you would keep it,' persisted Dick. 'Then you could read it at any time.'

'What do you want for it?' asked Archie. 'My rabbit?'

'No; I don't want anything back; that is not why I want you to take it.'

'Tell me why you want to give it to me, then,' said Archie.

'I don't want to do that; but if it will make you take it, I will.'

'Try me,' said Archie, as he stood with his hands in his pockets, looking at Dick with an air of wonder, as he stood before him so meekly with the book in his hand. He had never seen Dick like this before. Had he wanted a rabbit for the book, the matter would have been quite simple, because Dick always liked rabbits better than books.

'Why don't you go on?' asked Archie.

'I don't quite know how to put it. You see, you are fond of reading, and I thought you would like the book; and I thought you would know yourself why I wanted to give it to you. You know, last night, I was rather—well, rather nasty to you when you wanted to be quiet; so I thought if I gave you this it would sort of make up for it a bit. Now, will you have it?'

Dick had hurried through all this explanation and was sure that his brother would be willing now to take his gift. But he received a surprise in Archie's reply.'

'Well, you are a silly! As if I cared about last night! You have talked as bad as that to me many a time, and did not give me books. I'd have a library like father's by this time, if you had given me a book every time.' And Archie laughed with great glee.

'Go and put your book away—I don't want it—and let's go and feed the rabbits.'

'But, won't you——?'

'No, I won't;' said Archie, guessing the rest of Dick's appeal. 'Didn't I tell you I don't care about what you said last night? And if I did, you could not undo it, if you gave me everything you had. I'm off to the rabbits. You can come if you want.' And Archie ran away. Dick soon followed, for to him rabbits were irresistible.

Dick had carried out his good resolutions so far, but when night came he quite forgot to say his prayers twice. The boys had been in bed for some time when he suddenly remembered. He jumped out of bed, rousing Archie who was just dropping off to sleep.

'What are you getting up for in the dark? Are you ill?'

'No,' replied Dick, who wished that Archie would be quiet.

'Shall I come too. What are you going to do? Is it fun?' asked Archie, growing interested.

'No,' replied Dick. 'Do be quiet, or I shall have to get into bed again and wait till you go to sleep.'

Archie said no more, but he sat up in bed listening. Then he leaned over the side of the bed quite near to where Dick knelt, and heard him softly whispering the words of his prayer.

Archie kept very still. This was very strange in Dick — that he should say his prayers twice in one night. Had he forgotten that he had said them before getting into bed. He would be still now, for prayer was a solemn thing. God was near. Is he not the God that heareth prayer? And how can he hear unless there be a nearness?'

Dick came back again to bed. Archie lay down, and was soon asleep. But Dick could not sleep. He was not quite satisfied, after all, with this plan of making up for the past. It was harder than he expected to put twice as much good as there should be in one day. In fact, it seemed that, however good he was in one day, it was no better than he ought to have been anyhow. And, then, Mary had not despoiled his hat when he took it to her, and Archie would not have his book; and now he was not at all sure that God would take that second prayer to-night and fit it into one of those days when he did not pray.

'I'll never, never be able to make up for all the bad things that I've done. I can't—I can't undo it all. Where the bad comes from I don't know. But if I could only get a fresh start—if I could only have all these naughty things made as though they had never been, like you rub sums off a slate—then I would try hard to be good.'

It was very dark, and very silent, save for Archie's soft, regular breathing. Dick began to think about God. He could see through the darkness, and he know about all those tempers, and the naughtiness that Dick was grieving over. Was God angry? Dick remembered how holy he was, and how gentle and meek was Jesus.

'How bad I must look in God's eyes?' he thought, sadly. 'What will he do with me? I'll never be happy again, I am sure. I wish I did not know when things are naughty. What am I to do? I would undo it if I could, but I can't. Oh, what shall I do?'

The poor boy tossed about on his bed, sadly troubled.

'I do hope I won't get ill and die. I do so want to be with Jesus then. But I know that where he is everything is holiness and love. God will have no sin where he is.'

He got upon his knees in bed. He scarcely knew why, but he was afraid now to sleep.

'Oh, God!' he cried, 'I have been a bad boy. What must I do? Oh, what must I do?'

He had spoken aloud, and Archie turned over half awake. 'Dick!' he said, sleepily.

'Yes,' answered Dick.

'Why don't you go to sleep?'

'I daren't—I'm afraid. I've been so bad; and God hates sin, and I can't undo it.'

'That's why Jesus died—his blood was shed for the remission of sins,'

'I wish you would wake up and tell me properly. I can't hear what you say. What's mission of sins?'

'I'll tell you to-morrow.'

'Do tell me now. Is it something in the bible?' Dick asked eagerly.

'Yes; I'll show you to-morrow. It was just before Jesus was crucified—when he was at the Last Supper, with John and Peter and the others. He said that his blood was shed for many for the remission of sins.'

'I wish it was morning so that I could read it for myself.'

Never had Dick known so long a night. Sleeping a little, then waking, only to find that it was still dark. But at last he woke up to find the sun shining brightly. Jumping out of bed he ran for his bible. Archie was still asleep. He would try to find the place himself, without waking Archie. But it was not very easy. The bible seems a big book when you want to find a certain little bit. He began to wish that he had been as fond of reading as his brother. He was still turning over the leaves when Archie opened his eyes.

'Do find me the place, Archie,' he said, handing the bible to his brother.

Archie took the book, and presently held it for Dick to read for himself the gracious words of the Saviour:

'This is my blood .... which is shed for many for the remission of sins.'

'Remission!' What does it mean exactly?' asked Dick. 'It is such a long word.'

'Look in the school-room dictionary if you don't know,' suggested Archie.

Away he ran without dressing, and came back with the volume.

'Forgiveness—pardon—the giving up of punishment due to wrong doing,' he read out slowly. 'And that is why the gentle Jesus shed his blood,' he said softly as the

tears gathered in his bright eyes. 'Dear Jesus. How good!'

'Don't you remember, you have sung many a time——' and Archie began to sing—

'Though we are sinners every one,
Jesus died!
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died!
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with peace again,
And in that land of bliss may reign—
Jesus died!

The young heart so lately tossed and troubled, was now at peace. Instead of fear at the thought of God; there was gladness; instead of despair, there was hope and joy, as he rested simply on the word of God, which he had found so exceeding precious.—'The Presbyterian.'

The Deacon's Prayer.

(By Kate W. Hamilton, in 'Wellspring.')

It was not the prayer in itself that was remarkable, for it was the same old prayer that the deacon had been offering for thirty years, and it was so common and painfully familiar, that the boys in the back seat tittered when it began, and even the minister faintly sighed.

There were several things to make the minister sigh that evening. It was rainy—not very rainy for ordinary purposes, but entirely too much so for a prayer-meeting — and the always small gathering was smaller than usual. The room was not a cheerful one at best, and the audience was scattered drearily over it, instead of gathering socially and comfortably at the front. The four boys in the back seat were not regular attendants, and their unwonted presence might have been an encouragement had not the minister suspected the truth—that they had run in to escape a sudden dash of rain.

Despite all disheartening circumstances, the minister tried to make the small meeting a success. He wanted it to be a help and an inspiration to those who came, and he selected bright hymns, chose an interesting theme, and tried to treat it in a fresh and unhackneyed manner. And then, at the first pause for voluntary exercises, arose Deacon Elliot with his thirty-year-old prayer. One of the mischievous boys at the rear whispered the information that it was not only thirty years old but 'thirty miles long.' Was it any wonder that the minister sighed?'

However, it may have sounded differently higher up from the way it did in the dreary little lecture-room; for there was One who knew that the deacon was tired that night; that his rheumatism reminded him of his not being so young as he once had been, and that he had put away the newspaper and slippers that had tempted him at his own fireside, and had resolutely come out into the damp evening to take his place and to do his part because he felt it to be a duty.

But the prayer was undeniably long. It went through all the needs of the church and the town, wandered to far-off mission-fields, embraced the islands of the sea and the uttermost ends of the earth, and returned to ask 'help for the poor and needy; succor for the drunkard, the tempted, and the outcast.' By the time it ended, and a hymn was announced, the rain outside had nearly ceased. The boys slipped out during the singing, and laughed as they reached the street.

'Comprehensive, wasn't it, Jim? I didn't know but that we'd have to stay all the evening,' commented one.

Walking unsteadily toward them up the wet, glistening street came one who had not fared so well in securing shelter from the storm. His shabby clothes were drenched, and his soft hat drooped shapelessly over his face, so that the boys did not recognize the well-known figure until it jostled against them in its ill-directed efforts to pass by.

'Dick Melby, what on earth are you doing out in the rain?' asked Jim.

'Trying—trying to let the crowd get past,' responded Dick, gravely, leaning back against a neighboring wall, as if he were allowing a procession the right of way.

'It doesn't take very many to make a crowd when you see double, and can't walk without taking the whole pavement,' laughed one of the boys. 'Your head is crooked, Dick.'

'Feet's crooked,' amended Dick. 'Got 'em sort of twisted up somewheres.'

'It's easy to guess where,' declared Jim, half in earnest, half in mischief. 'Say, Dick, you ought to stop this sort of thing and reform. Deacon Elliot wants you to straighten up. We've just come from the church back there, and we heard him say so.'

'Deacon Elliot wants — wants me ?' repeated Dick. Years before Dick had been in the deacon's employ, and he caught at the name. 'No, he don't. He wouldn't have me,' he added, some misty memory struggling through his brain. 'Said I wasn't steady enough to work for him.'

'Well, he was praying for the drunkard anyway, and I'm afraid that means you, Dick.'

'If he wants me I'm his man. Don't have to pray for me; I'll go for the askin'," declared Dick, trying to stand stiffly erect.

'You'd better go home out of the wet,' counselled the boys. The rain was beginning again, and they hurried on. Dick looked after them a moment, and started in the opposite direction. He had been walking the streets aimlessly, but now the idea that he was wanted somewhere took possession of him. 'Didn't use to be bad to work for, deacon didn't,' he muttered. 'If he wants me I'm his man.'

He reached the church and turned into the vestibule. That he was sheltered from the slowly-falling rain scarcely mattered, since he had been exposed to the heavier showers; but he wanted to see the deacon, and some lingering sense of propriety prevented him from pushing his way into the inner room, where a murmur of voices and then a hymn told that the meeting was still in progress. Presently it ended and the people slowly passed out. The deacon, who had been sitting near the front, was almost the last to leave, and Dick joined him as he went down the steps.

'Here I am, Mr. Elliot,' he said.

'Eh,' answered the old man, peering at him in the dim light, and thinking some one of his fellow-worshippers had joined him. 'I can't see very well, out here. Who is it?'

'Dick Melby—feller you jest been prayin' for, an' here I am.'

His answer revealed not only his identity, but the fact of his semi-intoxication, and the deacon turned from him in disgust.

'Melby, you've been drinking,' he said, severely.

'Takes some drinkin' to make a drunkard, deacon, and the boys told me that's what you were prayin' for,' urged Dick, with what, in his uncertain state, seemed to him unanswerable logic.

It did not so appear to the deacon. He decided it was folly to waste words on a man who was in no condition to understand what was said to him, and so walked on, with his umbrella held low over his head, and quite unconscious that Dick was doggedly following him. At his own gate, which was on the outskirts of the small town, he was delayed for a moment by a refractory latch, and the dripping figure was again beside him. The old gentleman stared in amazement.

'What did you come away out here for?' he demanded.

''Cause you prayed for me. I reckon folks don't pray for what they don't want, do they?'

Certainly the deacon had what he did not want, however it came, and he looked doubtfully at his follower. The walk had been an uncomfortable one, even when protected by his umbrella, and he could not resist a feeling of pity for the poor fellow who had trudged all the way through the rain because of some absurd notion that he was wanted. It had used to be like Dick to carry through in that same persistent fashion any service required of him. He had been faithfulness itself except for the occasional 'spree.'

'Come in,' said the deacon shortly, leading the way around to the back door. He was in sole possession of his home that night, for his wife and daughter were away on a visit; so he unlocked the kitchen door and presently had his unwelcome guest before a comfortable fire and provided with a cup of hot coffee. That was as far as his first kindly intentions had gone, but he was obliged to lengthen them considerably, for the rain, having trifled and coquetted all the evening, now settled to a steady downpour that forbade sending any one out into it. The deacon sighed, but he hunted up bed-clothing and arranged a cot in a little room opening from the kitchen. Dick beamed upon him, gratefully—a somewhat maudlin gratitude, it must be confessed.

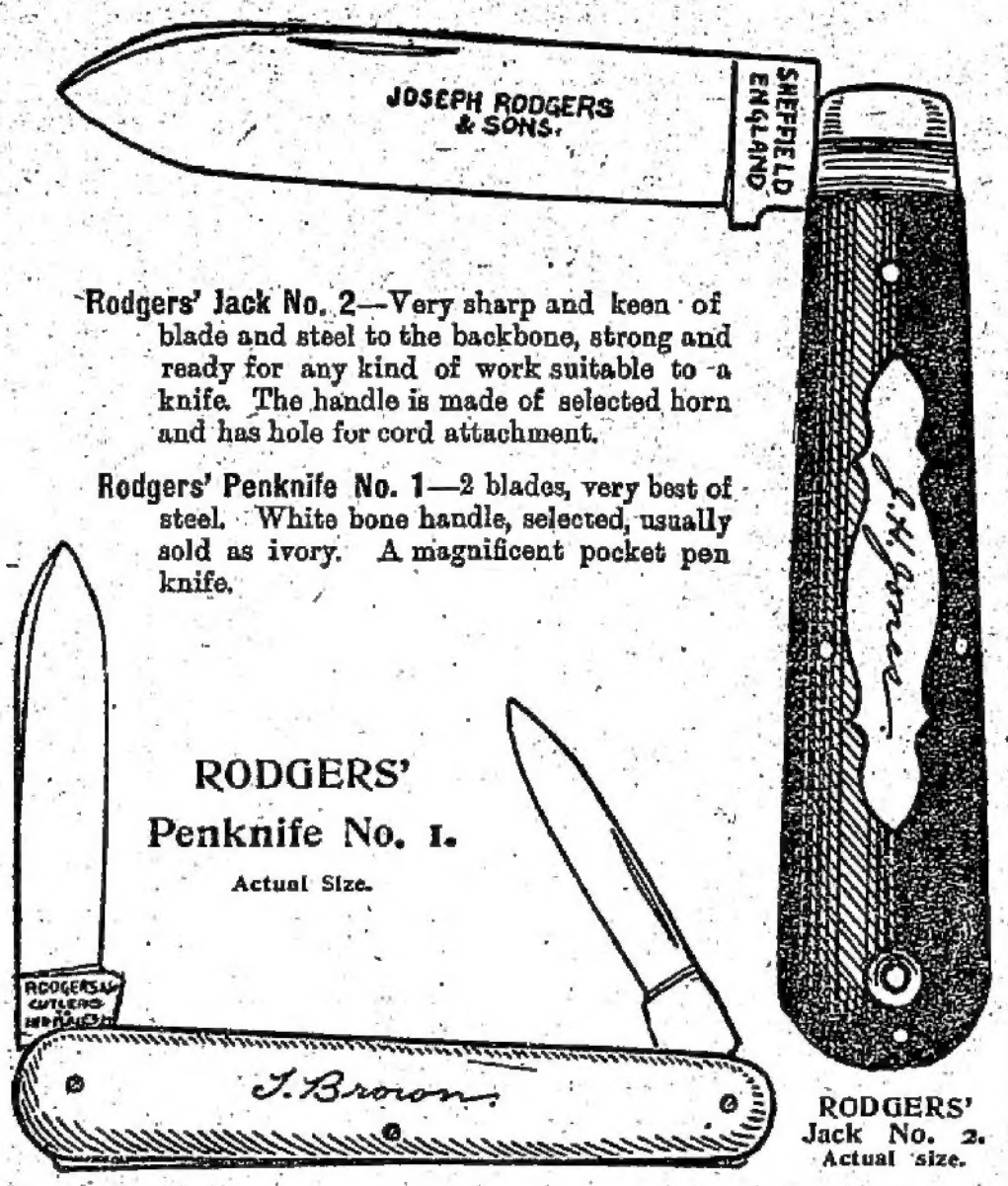
'I'm your man, deacon—do whatever you say. Been looking for someone that wanted me all day, and couldn't get a job nowheres. Come as soon as I heard you was prayin' for me—quickest answer ever you got.'

Deacon Elliot left him to his heavy slumber, and went and sat down before his cheery fire. The quiet house, the flickering firelight, and the beating rain outside combined to make the hour one for thought, and he faced the question that had been slowly shaping itself in his mind. Was this man's coming an answer to prayer—to that petition which for thirty years he had been offering for 'the tempted and the drunkard,' and had never yet tried to answer himself? For he acknowledged, as he sat there, that he never really had tried. He had given a little money sometimes, he had gone to temperance meetings often, but he had never put forth any personal effort to rescue one who was down. This man, Melby, he had lectured, had censured, and, when he failed, had turned him off; he had never tried to shield him from his own weakness, or to help him to do battle with temptation.

It would be a long story to tell of the weeks that followed. Deacon Elliot found that he had a hard task upon his hands. He gave Dick work, and tried to watch over him, and, in doing so, learned as never before, how many pitfalls there are for stumbling feet. The regaining of manhood for one who had been a slave was slow; but there was gain as the weeks went by. Then, when Dick's family had been established in some tidy rooms not far from the Elliot home, the deacon stopped Jim when that young gentleman came into the store one day.

'See here, my boy, I understand that you sent Dick Melby to me that night he followed me home—told him I wanted him, and that sort of thing?'

Jim, who had been watching these weeks of experiment with much interest, some amusement, and a half guilty sense of responsibility, flushed and laughed.



Rodgers' Jack No. 2—Very sharp and keen of blade and steel to the backbone, strong and ready for any kind of work suitable to a knife. The handle is made of selected horn and has hole for cord attachment.

Rodgers' Penknife No. 1—2 blades, very best of steel. White bone handle, selected, usually sold as ivory. A magnificent pocket pen knife.

RODGERS' Penknife No. 1. Actual Size.

RODGERS' Jack No. 2. Actual size.

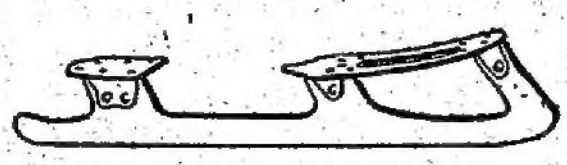
These Knives are made by Joseph Rodgers & Sons, of Sheffield, cutlers to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, etc., etc. Don't confound them with any other 'Rodgers' Knives which sell at next to nothing, and are worth less. The genuine Rodgers trade mark is on every knife we sell.

By special arrangement with the Mail Order Concern we can offer these popular Knives as Premiums. However, any one desirous of buying them must do so of the Mail Order Concern, as we do not sell them for cash.

Either of these Knives given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for three new subscriptions at 30 cents each. The initials will be engraved for one additional, or the whole name for two additional new subscriptions at 30c each.

Skeleton Skates.

Skates are in demand, according to our tenants, the Mail Order Concern, and as they have selected the best Skates to be had we have made a special arrangement by which we can furnish the Skates they handle as premiums. These Skates have been already fully described by them.



The Winslow Hockey Skates.

No. 270—The Runners are of Welded Iron and Steel, hardened and tempered toe and heel plates, are made of Cold Rolled Steel, Blued, and have Polished edges, 8 to 12 inches.
Given only to 'Messenger' Subscribers for 15 new subscriptions at 30c each.

No. 275—Same material and finish as No. 270, but Nickel Plated and Buffed throughout, 8 to 12 inch.
Given only to 'Messenger' Subscribers for 18 new subscriptions at 30c each.

The Canadian Belle is a very pretty Ladies' Skate.

No. 35—Is made of the best quality welded and tempered steel runners, curved, full nickel plated and polished, improved top plates, 7½ to 11 inch.
Given only to 'Messenger' Subscribers for 11 new subscriptions at 30c each.

No. 40—The 'Ladies' Gem' is just like the 'Canadian Belle' in appearance and quality but the blade is concaved, thus allowing of a broader blade, and at the same time less weight. This is the nicest Ladies' Skate we have seen, 7½ to 11 inch.

Given only to 'Messenger' Subscribers for 14 new subscriptions at 30c each.

In ordering Skates, please be sure to remember to:
1. Give the Catalogue Number and name of Skate.
2. Give the length of your boot in inches.

We have added this Skate premium owing to the great demand for the best Skates in many places where the best are not kept. We prepay deliverywhich costs us by mail an average of 35c on each pair of Skates.

Any one desirous of buying these Skates must do so of the 'Mail Order Concern,' as we do not sell them for cash.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

People do not part with their money without what they consider good reason, if they can help it. But provide a good reason, show them that what you have to sell is something they want, and if they have the money, an exchange takes place.

Now, this rule applies to newspapers as well as to any other merchantable article. Therefore, as we hope to add largely to our circulation this fall, we deem it well to state, for the sake of many who do not really know the 'Witness' yet, certain reasons why the 'Witness' is the best value in the way of a newspaper that can be found anywhere. And these reasons we state here in the hope that many of our subscribers will cut them out and enclose them in a letter to a friend who they think would be interested. The reasons are as follows :—

I. News—at the earliest possible moment, as accurate as possible, not the product of imagination, but fact, and both comprehensive and complete. Those who really are anxious for the news will find it in the 'Witness.' Those who read the 'Witness' regularly will certainly be well informed. Reason one is good.

II. Editorial—well informed, unbiassed, sincere, straightforward, outspoken. Such opinion will always prove interesting, even to those who may hold different views. It is such opinion, and the knowledge that neither news nor editorial space can be purchased at any price, that has been the backbone of the 'Witness,' that has given it the place it now holds in the hearts and homes of the Canadian people, and that gives it so much weight in the minds of politicians of whatever party. Reason two is good.

III. Among the thousand and one features that go to make a paper interesting and valuable to the public, the 'Witness' includes a general question and answer department, besides the following special question and answer departments: Medical, Legal, Veterinary, Farming, Gardening, Chess, Numismatic, etc., etc. 'Witness' subscribers may ask any question in reason, and have it answered by those who, from their position and training, are best able to reply. One question answered is often worth many times the price of the subscription. Reason number three is good.

IV. Then there are religious news, Sunday-school lesson, Christian Endeavor Topic, and Temperance departments. Besides much reading matter devoted to information and the discussion of the live problems of the day, the 'Witness' contributes much reading of a lighter nature, stories for young and stories for old, a department for the boys (and enjoyed by the girls as well) the Home Department, devoted chiefly to the immediate interests of womankind, and the 'Children's Corner,' which has been the start to newspaper reading during the last half century of so many of Canada's most enlightened and aggressive citizens. These departments are both interesting and valuable. Reason number four is good.

So much for reasons positive, all good, and surely sufficient in themselves to make the price seem trivial in comparison to the value received in return. But there are other reasons which apply more particularly to homes where young people are growing up.

V. Advertising that is indecently worded or fraudulent, offering things harmful to body, mind or soul, or in any way calculated to injure the reader, are carefully excluded from the columns of the 'Witness.' To do this means to sacrifice between thirty thousand and fifty thousand dollars every year.

If the 'Witness' regards the interests of its readers so carefully, while other newspapers care so little for their welfare that they practically put in everything the law allows, surely the 'Witness' will be valued above such other papers, especially by those upon whom rests the responsibility of the upbringing of young people. Reason number five is good.

VI. Sensationalism—one of the most fruitful causes of outward crime and inward sin, is the sensational press, though this is little realized. The most disgusting details of murders and other fearful crimes are set forth in a highly colored and exaggerated way by a certain stamp of modern journalism, and the result is, as the poet has it :—

'Vice is a monster of so dreadful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen,
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.'

Yes, the absence of sensationalism, of what is now known as 'yellow journalism,' should be one of the attractive features of the 'Witness.' A clean paper is the best for a clean home. Reason number six is good.

VII. One reason more—some papers are partizan, and most people like a paper that has only good things to say for the party it serves, the party of their choice. And some papers are as negative, as dumb as possible concerning anything on which there is a difference of opinion, fearful lest they should lose subscribers, and, we regret to say it, only speak out when they deem it in the interests of their business to do so. The party paper is far and away preferable to the other class of journal referred to, but neither of them can compare with a journal which strives only to give people the truth regardless of party or pocketbook, and is absolutely independent of either. A sincerely independent paper is the best for those who want to know the real truth. Reason number seven is good.

The 'WITNESS'

Our Best Premium:

Canada's Leading Independent Paper.

The 'Weekly Witnes' is given to 'Messenger' subscribers (who have not taken either the Daily or Weekly 'Witness' during the past year) for obtaining six new subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 30c each.

The 'Daily Witness' is given to 'Messenger' subscribers who have not taken it during the past year, for 15 new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30c each.

TRUE DIALOGUES.

Conversation such as the following may be often overheard in the Witness offices. In this instance those taking part are:—

Two young people are visiting Montreal, and take the Witness' Office in as one of the sights. (For convenience we will call them Ted and Elsie.)

A large American advertiser that pays immense sums annually for inserting his advertisements in the newspapers to the detriment, instead of the advantage of their readers, and particularly calculated to injure the weaker folks mongst.

The Advertising Manager of the 'Witness.'

The Mechanical Superintendent of the 'Witness.'

The reader should picture to himself the 'Witness' Office, which is, by the way, fitted up very much like one of our large banking establishments, and is in every way a model office. The Advertising Manager happens to to be at the counter when

(Ted and Elsie Enter.)

Ted.—May we see through the office. We are old subscribers?

Mgr.—Certainly, and with great pleasure. I will ask the Mechanical Superintendent to show you through. He is upstairs just now, but will be down presently.

Ted.—Thank you, sir.

(Enter Advertiser.)

Advertiser.—Good morning.

Mgr.—What can I do for you this morning?

Advr.—(Displaying an American publication containing his advertisement). How much do you charge for 750 inches in your Daily and Weekly 'Witness'?

Mgr.—Let me see. That is equal to 10,000 lines in each paper. About $2,000, sir, but we cannot take your money, for we do not insert that class of advertising.

Advr.—Cannot insert my advertising. Never heard of such a thing. Why, the religious papers take it in the United States.

Mgr.—Some may, we don't.

Advr.—Well, I'm astonished. May I ask why you won't take this advertising? My money is as good as any. It will go just as far, I suppose.

Mgr.—So it will, but we have our rule, and that is to decline every advertisement that is in our judgment calculated to injure our subscribers either financially, chiefly, or "pocketally," as we sometimes put it. We may make mistakes, but many sometimes confuse things that we could take without injury to anyone, or perhaps take such as we should not take. We are not infallible, and we gratefully do receive rebukes, but believe us, we use our best judgment. It is a fact that we refuse every year from thirty thousand to fifty thousand dollars for advertising which we might have, but will not take. Of course we realize that what satisfies one will not satisfy another. What one will consider a good bargain will be considered dear by another. Every advertiser must judge for themselves as to whether goods advertised will suit their particular requirements. They know we have always regarded their interests in this matter.

Advr.—So you do this in the interests of your subscribers? Well, I admire it, although it rules me out, but do your subscribers return it to you in any way? Will they pay more for your paper than for your contemporary? If you sacrifice so much money in one way, you must make it up in another way. Do your subscribers 'toe the mark' in this way?

Mgr.—Very few of our subscribers know that we have been sacrificing anything for their sakes, and until recently we have seen mentioned in no publication.

Advr.—Well, if I were you, I would tell them about it. I must say you're the most independent folks I ever saw. But I fail to understand how you can afford to do such a thing without availing yourself of the up-to-date advertising, such as mine. I thought all newspapers depended upon advertising receipts to make the thing go, and yet you refuse two thousand of a Klondike from me. It's a mystery to me.

Mgr.—It may be a mystery, but then, you see, the editor of the 'Witness' is as peculiar as his paper. He is not in it for the money he can make out of it, and conscientiously devotes all profits to improvements, while other publishers take the profits for personal use. Consequently I may remark that advertisers are willing to pay us higher prices than to any other Canadian publishers simply because we are so careful about the advertising that we will accept.

Advr. (Pointing to an advertisement in the 'Witness')—Here is an advertisement. I wonder that you take, not that there is anything wrong about it, but still, it uses some expressions that are not fashionable in high-toned society.

Mgr.—Aha! that savors a little of the doggie in the manger. But, seriously, we have enough to do to keep out advertisements that are harmful. If we shut out besides all the advertisements that offend the sensibilities in any such way, we would have to put up our shutters and quit the newspaper business. If we believe it wrong to insert a certain advertisement, we refuse it without any hesitation or misgiving, though such advertisements bid very high prices for space in the 'Witness.' If, however, there be nothing actually wrong about the advertisement, we would think it wrong not to accept it, as it requires more and more money every year to run the 'Witness' owing to the constant improvements that are being made.

Advr.—Does any government or railway back you up?

Mgr.—Hardly. The 'Witness' is too independent to accept such support, as it is ready to expose frauds either in government or in any large corporation. No, there is probably no paper wrong doers fear so much as the 'Witness,' or that is more respected by those that do right. It never has been, and I trust never will be, subsidized in any way.

Advr.—Well, I am glad to have met you. It's the first paper that I have seen that depends on mere excellence for both circulation and revenue. I do not think there is another paper in the country that would have the courage to run on such lines.

Elsie.—That is a pity. If they did they would find the people would support them as they have supported us. No other paper in the country has such staunch friends as the 'Witness,' and the reason is that its subscribers believe in it; that is, in its sincerity, and agree to differ on certain matters of opinion. Why, we contemplate raising our subscription price to cover the additional postage which the government is imposing on newspapers, which would amount to several thousand dollars if paid by us, but which if paid by our subscribers, will only amount to a few cents per subscriber, especially as we feel we can do it without losing any subscribers. At all events, we will have to do it on certain classes of subscribers to make ends meet. We have paid a hundred cents on the dollar ever since we started fifty-three years ago, and hope to continue to do so. The postage alone comes to a large amount every week, as we employ about 150 people, besides the host of outside contributors, etc., who are more or less on our employ. But the cost of the paper is the heavy item. If we could take the forty thousand dollars, say, that we refuse for injurious advertising, we could afford to greatly reduce the subscription rate, but it would be wrong to place such advertising before our readers, especially before the young folk, and so we will not take it, and we believe the subscribers are glad to pay their little share each, to support a paper that has no regard for their interests. More especially when they know that all profits made one year are devoted to improvements the next.

Advr.—Well, I never expected to run up against such a paper, and between you and me, I'd take the advertising if I were you, and let your subscribers—look out for themselves. But, good day. It's your way, and you like it. I'm not going to feel angry because you won't take the advertising. (Exits.)

(Exit advertiser, and advertising manager withdraws to his private office.)

Elsie.—Oh, Teddy, did you know that about the 'Witness'?

Teddy.—No, but it's strange, too; we've taken the paper so many years. I guess, though, that is the reason father says he wouldn't let any other paper into the house.

Elsie.—But, just think, about forty thousand dollars, did he say?

Teddy.—Between forty thousand and fifty thousand. I suppose forty thousand about hits it. That would be enough to buy us out, house and farm, and stock and all, and have some over.

Elsie.—And the 'Witness' sacrifices that amount every year so that its readers may not be injured by bad advertisements.

Ted.—Yes, and if it comes to that I guess a good deal more is sacrificed by its not publishing the vicious stuff that most papers publish, and upon which they count for circulation.

Elsie.—If all the people were like father and mother, it would be well for the 'Witness.' When we get home we could work up a club for it, couldn't we? There are a good many people I know would take the 'Witness' if they knew more about it. But here comes a gentleman.

(Enter mechanical superintendent, who addresses himself to the young people, remarking):

'I believe you want to see how the 'Witness' is made.'

Ted.—Yes. We were visiting relatives in town, and as we have taken the 'Witness' for some time, we want to see how it is printed.

Superintendent.—Well, I'll be glad to show you if you will come this way, please. We are always glad to show our friends the way. We go upstairs on a short cut up to the editorial rooms, where we naturally begin our itinerary. See, here is the editor-in-chief's office and there are the rooms of the managing editor and his staff.

Elsie.—What is all that clicking noise in that room?

Supt.—It is the 'Witness's special telegraph service. That sound keeps on incessantly from early morning till the paper goes to press. If anything happened in your part of the country, it would be along on our wires perhaps before you knew of it yourself. Then, too, you hear several typewriters grinding out 'copy,' as the printers call it.

Ted.—I suppose that is what they call the composing room, then?

Supt.—Oh, no! I'll show you that soon. It is this large room, where all the copy is set up on linotypes. Each of these machines are worth $5,000, and you see there is a long row of them, and two more are being added to meet the requirements of the increasing number of pages given with each issue.

Ted (to Elsie).—How quickly that man sets up the matter.—

Supt.—Yes, about five times as fast as the old method. After the matter is set up a proof is pulled and sent, with the copy, to the proof-readers, who correct errors and return it to the operators, who in turn correct their matter. Then it is placed in the forms and made up in the shape of pages. Then these forms are sent into the stereotyping room, a kind of foundry, where a mould is made in a twinkling, and presently a casting is made from the mould, and the page of the 'Witness' is ready for the press.

Ted.—And does every page have to go through all these processes every day?

Supt.—Yes.

Elsie.—And what do you do with the page afterwards?

Supt.—The metal is melted over again in that great smelting pot, and is ready for use again. Now we will go down to see the press. It is one of the finest in the world. At least Mr. Hoe said, when we got five years ago, that there were only four others equal to it. I don't know what there may be now. It is capable of turning out a thirty-two page newspaper, already printed, cut, pasted, folded, counted and delivered in lots of fifty, ready for the street, or to be addressed for the mail. Here it is. Is it not a large machine?

Elsie.—How many pages will it print in an hour?

Supt.—It is supposed to print nearly half a million pages in an hour, about three-quarters of a million pages of the 'Northern Messenger' size.

Ted.—Miles and miles of paper must run through that machine in a short time.

Supt.—Yes, more than enough to stretch across the continent every week in column widths.

Elsie.—Was this the press that turned out so many thousand miles of pleibiscite literature?

Supt.—Yes. And this is the press, too, that some gamblers or saloon-keepers tried to blow up with dynamite some time ago. See, here is the place where the bomb passed through the floor where the patching has been done. If it had been thrown a few feet further it would have wrecked a thirty thousand dollar machine. As it was, it set the place on fire, but the fire was soon put out by our own fire apparatus, and only a few hundred dollars of damage was done.

Ted.—The plant here must be very valuable.

Supt.—Yes, this property, including the plant, etc., is worth over two hundred thousand dollars. We will now go up the elevator to the top story to see the illustrating departments, where you will see the new process for getting pictures ready for the press in an incredibly short time.

Ted.—Thank you, very much. We did not realize that there was so much to see about a newspaper office, or that it would take so long to go through it, and have unfortunately made an engagement which will require us to leave at once, but if we may, we will come back another day to see how the pictures are made, for indeed that would interest us greatly.

Supt.—Well, we will be glad to see you at any time. When their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen came to Canada they came to see the 'Witness' Office, as being the office from which Lady Marjorie's paper, 'Our Willie Winkie' was published. They came in the morning, and did not get through, so returned in the afternoon. It was all very new and interesting to them. They had never seen anything like it before, and, indeed, at the time there was not a newspaper office in Great Britain that had such modern machinery, though many have put in similar machinery since then.

Elsie.—What is that Chinaman doing there? How funny he looks.

Supt.—Yes, he is an old friend of mine, and a very faithful employee. He has worked for us for a score of years, and though he grumbles now and again, he is easily satisfied with a drink of oil.

Elsie.—Is that what he lives on, and does he like it?

Ted.—Aha, I think he would spread without oil, wouldn't he. Don't you see, Elsie, he is a wooden Chinaman?

Supt.—We had a workman once who always referred to him as 'That heathee.' She never passed him without crossing herself, and never wasted any time in his neighborhood. She firmly believed that he dined on rats, and seemed to think he might be somewhat of a cannibal as well.

Ted.—Well (turning to the superintendent)—Good-bye, sir, and thank you very much.—We have both enjoyed this visit, and will tell the folks at home how the 'Witness' is made.

Elsie.—Yes, and a little while ago we heard a gentleman in the office refuse two thousand dollars for an advertisement which he did not think fit to print, and also that to refuse such advertisements lost the 'Witness' about forty thousand dollars every year. And we have made up our minds to set to work to secure as many subscriptions as we can, when we get back. Good-bye, sir.

Supt.—Good-bye, good-bye, and a safe journey.

Hallock, Minn., Nov. 14.

Dear Sirs,—I have so greatly enjoyed the weekly visits of your excellent paper during the past year, that I have decided to ask you to make them more frequent—say daily—during the coming year, and so enclose my subscription for the Daily.

Allow me to congratulate you on your marked success in giving us a much cleaner and stronger newspaper I know not of anywhere. Although across the line, I follow with interest the fast making of Canadian history. We feel proud of the forward step your young country has taken in temperance reform this summer. The effects of your great victory are felt even in this far western town, which is greatly cursed with intemperance. When in coming years a new generation shall read with deep interest the story of the faithful battle

'A bad book may break up a home.' If a book in a few minutes may exert an evil influence upon your children how about the newspaper that enters your home regularly? Insincerity in a paper breeds insincerity in its readers. Impurity in a paper breeds impurity in its readers. Is the influence of your paper sold to any party or to any great corporation, or to any individual interest? Or does it speak over crime in its news columns? Or does it despise any good cause? Or does it contain stories that have a dash of unwholesomeness about them? Or does it insert injurious advertising? Then get rid of that paper, and if you can find none better take none rather than welcome to your home a sheet that may lead you or your children from the path of rectitude. As milk sours quickly in the presence of unwholesomeness, so the youth is readily contaminated by a book or newspaper. A spark may smoulder a long time before the blaze appears and people wonder at the cause of the fire. And so people wonder why many young men are on the wrong road to-day, and they do not once suspect the 'yellow' or 'sensational' press as the cause. The sensational papers and books are sometimes bought because they are the cheapest in the end? Anon.

R. L. RICHARDSON, M.P.,

TALKS ON

Journalism in General

AND THE

'WITNESS' IN PARTICULAR.

In an address last week in Winnipeg upon the functions and ideals of modern journalism, Mr. Richardson reviewed the history of the newspaper from its smallest beginning to its present position. We quote parts of his speech from the Winnipeg 'Daily Tribune':—

'Unlike all other commercial undertakings, a newspaper was directly dependent upon the good opinion of the public for its success. By taking a wrong course, by running directly counter to public opinion, when that opinion was sound and moral, a paper could soon wreck itself, for, let the public once lose its good opinion of a newspaper and suspect that its influence was against the public weal, and it was quite as difficult for that newspaper to rehabilitate itself as it was for an individual who had lost his character and reputation. Character was just as essential for a newspaper as it was for a man who was dependent upon the public for support. It was therefore of as prime importance that an editor should guard the reputation and character of his newspaper as it was that an individual should guard his own reputation and character. If, honesty was the best policy for an individual, it was, in an accentuated degree, the best policy for a newspaper. The peculiar sense a newspaper belonged to the public, being in reality the creation of the public. In a newspaper should really be. He first had a lecture on 'Journalism,' delivered before the University of Toronto some years ago; Mr. Willison, speaking of the necessity for training young men in journalism, delivered himself as follows:—

'That is real independence when a journal takes a stand by the throat, or takes by the throat the leaders of a party which forms the body of its constituency. It is, however, my clear conviction that these are the more pitiful and useless piece of machinery in the economy of civilization than a mere party organ, a mere echo of a political leader who slavish mouthpiece and apologies of a caucus. But rational, independent, responsible political journalism, an official organ written by men of information and capacity, by men who do their own thinking, who are hard students of public questions, zealous, it may be, for party success, but even more zealous for the reputation and influence of the journals they direct and control—that is good, honest and healthful journalism, restraining party spirit, stimulating popular intelligence, holding party leaders to a high standard, and the extreme extravagances of faction. And not a few of these papers which rank as independent belong rather to this class of political journalism. In the day of battle, independent in the making and fashioning of public policy, and one must bear testimony to the admirable work they do in stimulating independent thinking and holding politicians and governments to account on issues of public policy. But as the party journals too often yield to the pressure of party exigencies, so too often these journals are overborne by the risk and clamor rising out of the passions and prejudices of their constituencies.

'The passion of our politicians for organs is one of the mysteries and one of the evils of Canadian politics. All that the party organ has ever done for Canada has been to make public life at times a frenzy and a delirium of personalities, to keep sensitive, high-minded men out of politics, to degrade political discussion to the level of a scolding match on a street corner, and to make men sacrifice principles to the supreme issues in our affairs. But this fashion is going out. In the main the masses of the people are generous in their sympathies and tolerant in their views, and are easily roused against the journalistic man-hunter; as they would give the trained and responsible journalist a close or place in their esteem if they knew how sympathetic he is for the distresses of his fellows, how many scandals he keeps from the light, how slow he is to put a foul story into print, how many 'sensations' he lets go by on the other side lest some character should be soiled, and some family distressed, how jealous he is of private confidences, how far removed at the private rolles and excesses of even his bitterest political opponents, how he refuses to encourage the low personalities of the vulgar partisan and the anonymous scribbler, and keeps a strict training hand upon even the professor and the clergyman. If he has learned his trade well he knows that his business is not to hunt men, but to discuss public questions, not to serve private malice, but to serve his country and his time; and he is very jealous that his trade shall not be disgraced by amateurs and mercenaries and savages.

'There never was a time in the world's history when there was greater need for a thoroughly honest and capable press. There are ominous signs that our civilization is breaking down at many points. The revolutionary spirit is abroad in Europe, and in the midst of wealth and culture and, the very seats of plenty. The age needs an informed and an enlightened press, and it is the slave of mononolists nor the ally of demagogues. The age calls for a return to journalism of the pioneer type, bold and wide in its public opinion, but with less of the uncharitableness and less of the violence which dominated and disfigured much of the work of the fathers. Old things are passing away, and it depends very much upon the courage and candor and wisdom of the brotherhood of the press to arise to new conditions through confusion and anarchy or through peaceful and well-ordered constitutional development.'

Sheldon Writes.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.')

My Dear Brother,—The news has just reached us that prohibition won the day yesterday in Canada. I wish to add my word of congratulation to the many that I hope you are receiving, and to thank you personally for the conduct of the 'Witness' which you have kindly sent me. You have thrown the weight of your Christian daily on the side of righteousness, and I thank God for it! I assure you with you any greater joy of success than the continued use of your paper for the cause to which you have given it. May you see you as you walk in his steps. Cordially yours,

CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Topeka, Kansas, Sept. 30.

'I know no family paper that compares with the 'Witness.'—James Read, Southampton, Ont., Oct. 4, 1898.

'The 'Daily Witness' is a welcome guest in my study.—Rev. Marcus B. Baroungam, Que., Oct. 4, 1898.

'I am highly pleased with the 'Witness.' It is deserving of the support of all who have the social and moral welfare of our beloved Canada at heart.—A. C. Huffman, Bancroft, Oct. 3, 1898.

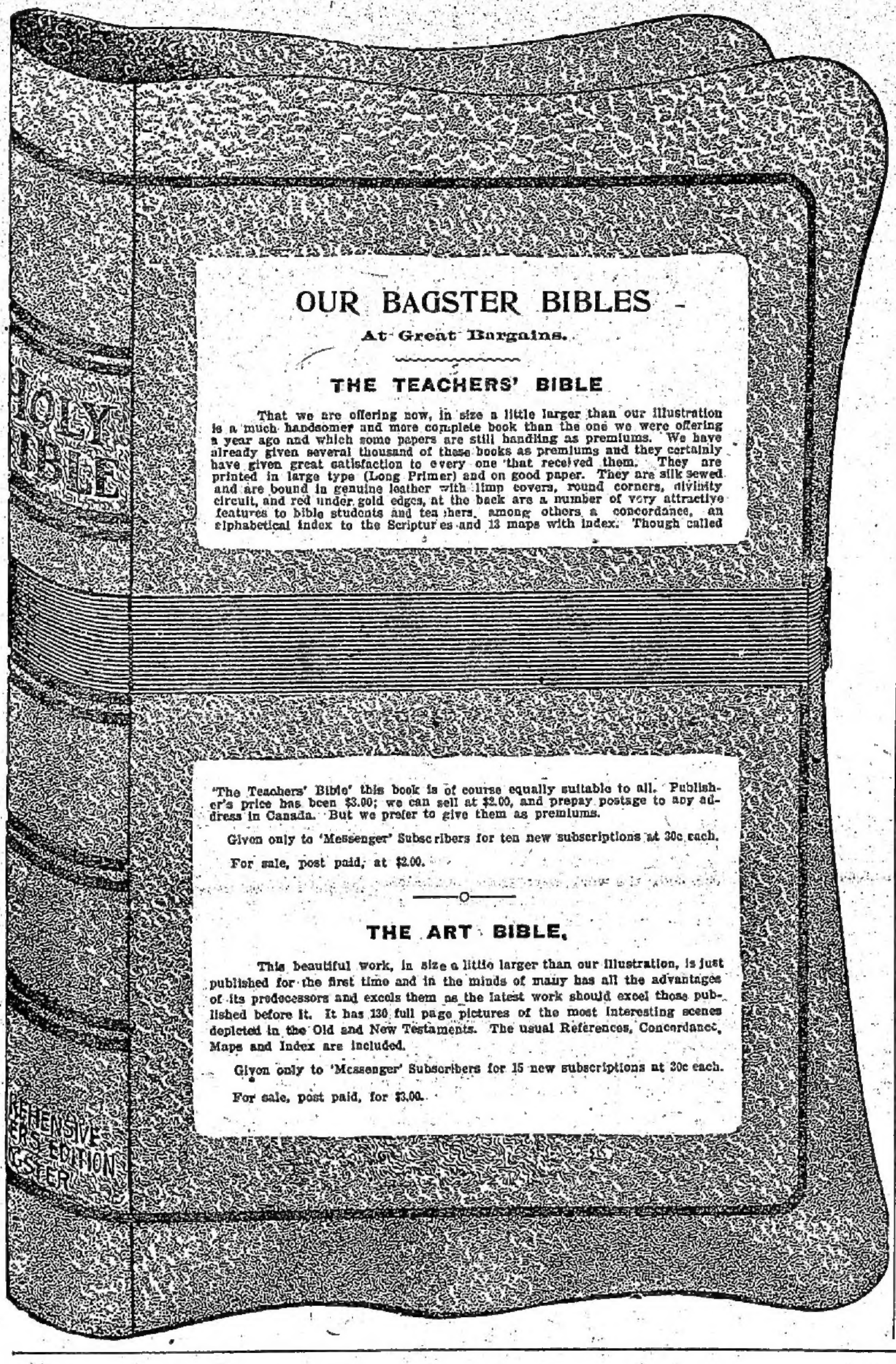
I count the 'Witness' as a valued friend coming to see me week by week.—Mrs. E. McNish, Brantford, Oct. 15, 1898.

'For your encouragement,' writes Mr. Anderson, of Orillie, under date of Nov. 14, 'if on going into a strange place the picture of Mr. Dougall, sr., is hanging in a place of honor, we know at once in what company we are.'

The lecturer's mind the best example of the value of preserving character in a newspaper was the history of the Montreal 'Witness,' which the speaker regarded as perhaps the most influential paper in Canada. This he thought was due to the sound, consistent, moral policy that had been followed, and the high ideals always held up by the 'Witness.' It had invariably been found advocating sound principles, and it had adhered with unremitting energy to the policy that it had forced the respect of the public, and although an ultra-Protestant journal in Catholic province of Quebec, Mr. Richardson ventured the assertion that it was respected by its religious opponents. Instances of the newspaper was the historian of the day it was desirable that it should be veracious and a faithful recorder of events. The speaker predicted to see the newspaper in the United States press of allowing the political policy of the newspaper to show itself in the news department. The paper's policy should only be evinced in the editorial columns. News and comment should be kept separate, in order that faith be kept with the readers. Allusion was made to the spectacle of great journals being purchased in the United States for the purpose of advocating the single standard of exchange. This was vicious, and could not be pronounced too severely.

The lecturer took the opportunity to impress upon his listeners the necessity of their duties as citizens, pointing out that as citizens of the commonwealth, it was their duty not to accept this, that or the other statement made in a newspaper on its own, but first weighing it carefully and bringing their own God-given brains to bear on the questions. Journalists and newspapers were very often interested in promoting views which were not designed in the public interest, therefore the necessity of weighing the pros and cons before adopting these views were emphasized. The true gauge of success was neither the amount of money one accumulated nor the prominence he attained. The best real successes were often set down by the world as sad failures. It was better to deserve success and fail in reaching the goal than to reach the goal by unworthy methods.

In conclusion, the speaker gave two or three quotations from different authorities, as embodying his view of what a newspaper should be. He first had a lecture on 'Journalism,' delivered before the University of Toronto some years ago; Mr. Willison, speaking of the necessity for training young men in journalism, delivered himself as follows:—



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AN INDEPENDENT PAPER

may be one which, on business grounds, reserves to itself the right, 'to go the way the wind blows,' 'to follow the path of least resistance,' 'to sit on the fence,' or to change its position for a consideration. That is certainly one kind of independence.

Quite another kind of independence is an independence of outside control, whether of a political or of a financial nature. Extremes meet, and genuine independence and slavery to principles go hand in hand, if, indeed, they are not one and the same thing. The fear of losing subscriptions or advertising patronage makes a coward of a paper. As everyone knows, the 'Witness' dare do both in support of a principle and, strictly speaking, is therefore

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'Well, you see, Mr. Elliot, I didn't think of his taking it up that way. I did tell him something of the kind, but, of course, I wasn't in earnest.'

Once the deacon would have sternly reproved such an admission of trifling, but now he only smiled rather grimly.

'I suspect, young man, that a good many of us haven't been more than half in earnest in anything we have done about this whole temperance subject. But we ought to have been; and now that you have helped to start this thing it is only fair that you should help to carry it through. I've given Dick work—I don't take any credit for that, for he's as good a workman as I'd ask so long as he keeps sober. He's got his wife and children into comfortable quarters, and he can make a good home for them if he only lets drink alone. If you young fellows get to chaffing him on the street, and laughing at him about keeping straight, as if you thought his trying to reform was nothing but a joke, or a thing for untempted folks to make fun of, you will help to push him down again. But if you treat him with some respect and maybe try to keep a little watch over him now and then when you suspect he's in danger, you may do a good deal towards helping him up, and I take it that's a work worth doing.'

'I'll do it, Mr. Elliot,' said Jim, heartily, 'Yes, there's a good many ways that we can help. I'll do it, and I'll make the other fellows do it, too.'

So, all unknown to himself, Dick had a body-guard. If he met one of the boys uptown, the young fellow was sure to want to walk beside him and chat about the best kind of fishing-rods, bait and trot lines—matters on which Dick was an authority. The boys carried their traps, guns, and various broken treasures to his house to be repaired in the evenings. He was skilful and ingenious; he liked the extra money these bits of work brought him, and he liked the companionship of his young employers. They, in their turn, liked Dick, and grew to consider him not only a charge, but a valuable acquisition, and meanwhile, all unconsciously, the effort to guard him and keep him out of temptation helped not a little to steady their own steps. The deacon smiled as he watched the working out of the experiment, and saw how often Dick was leading them into more thoughtful ways and safer paths. He no longer doubted that Melby had told a deeper truth than he knew when he so insistently announced himself as an answer to prayer.

Something of all this Deacon Elliot tried to explain one evening at the little midweek meeting. He arose in his place, but instead of the old words of petition that flowed so easily, he struggled with new words that were strangers to his tongue, and would not fully express his thought. Yet slow and imperfect as they were, they awakened unusual interest, and the minister smiled instead of sighing, for he, as well as the others, knew of the work that had been going on.

'And so I have been thinking,' concluded the deacon, 'that maybe a good deal of our praying is like sitting in the house and asking the Lord of the harvest to give us good crops, while we don't put a plough to the field. I know we're told to cast our burdens on the Lord, but I don't really 'spose it means burdens that we're too lazy to carry ourselves, and I suspect that in a good many of our prayers for the poor and needy we get a comfortable sort of feeling that we have shifted the whole responsibility on to him, and so we forget to do any helping ourselves. We hear a great deal about needing faith to wait for the answers to our prayers; but I've been wondering lately whether we didn't sometimes have too much of the waiting kind. Anyway, brethren, I'm right sure that we could find the answers to a good many of our prayers waiting for us just outside the church door if we would only look for them.'

Which Girl Are You?

Who is the girl that will be missed in the home if taken away?

Is it the girl who sits up late at night reading a novel, and then comes down to breakfast the next morning cross and irritable, finding fault with the meals so carefully prepared by her care-worn mother?

Is it the girl who, when asked to amuse baby while mother calls on a sick friend, frowns, and in words anything but kind says, 'I can if I must'?

Is it the girl who, when asked by a tired father to step into the next room and bring him a certain book or paper, replies: 'I made arrangements to meet a friend at seven o'clock, and I haven't any time to look for books'?

Is it the girl who, when asked by a younger sister to assist in solving a problem in mathematics, pushes the paper and pencil aside with the remark that she had no one to help her to do those things when she was going to school?

Is it the girl who is out nearly every night during the week, and then, when asked on Sunday morning to attend church, replies: 'I don't feel able to go, and haven't any new winter wrap'?

No! The girl who is appreciated in the home and would be missed there is the girl who, when she sees that mother is weary, lays her hand on her shoulder and urges her to lie down and rest while she completes the work in progress. When mother has been indoors all day, working hard, asks her to take a book and lie in the hammock while she rocks baby to sleep. When father comes home at night, tired and hungry, she greets him with a smile, and if the meal is not ready to be served she steps into the kitchen, and, with a light step, makes herself useful.

On Sunday morning she says to her mother, who has toiled all the week, 'Mother, I'll get dinner to-day if you like to attend church this morning. I can go this evening just as well.'

The daughter that would be missed is she who, when the cares of the day are over, and the family are gathered around the fireside, reads a story to the younger children, and then, taking her bible in hand, reads aloud a chapter or two. While she is upstairs putting the little ones to bed and hearing them lisp their evening prayers, a silent prayer goes up from the hearts of father and mother, thanking God that he has blessed them with so precious a gift.

After she kisses the little ones good-night she returns to the fireside, seats herself at her father's feet, and tells him her joys and sorrows of the day, the books she is reading, the new words baby has learned to speak, the trip she is planning for mother, and so on. After receiving a good-night kiss from both parents she trips upstairs to her room with a light heart and retires for the night trusting herself to God's protection.—'Well-spring.'

Correspondence

Walters Falls.

Dear Editor,—I go to school in summer. I live on a farm one and a half miles from school, so I cannot go in winter. We have six horses and three colts; one of them, Prince, is my pet. My little three-year-old sister has Polly for her pet. But my best pet is a dear little baby sister named Lottie. I go to Sunday-school, and we are practising for a Christmas tree. I am learning a recitation.

My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for nine years, and we like it very much. Mamma says she took it when she was a little girl. I wrote this letter three times, but mamma was afraid you could not read all the words, so I got her to write it for me.

EDNA (aged 6).

Perth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father works in a shoe-shop, and I help him by running with parcels. We have one pet, which is a cat. When we are out at the lake in the summer, he comes out in the boat with us, and when we get a small fish we give it to him. He likes it and wants more, but when we get a big one he is afraid of it.

THOMAS F.

Dudswell, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy thirteen years old. We live on a farm. I have one brother and three sisters. There are eighteen scholars in the school I go to. My grandmother has a bible which Mr. John Dougall gave her more than fifty years ago.

ALMON.

Welland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school and like it very much.

Welland is a very nice little place on the Welland Canal. We have a mission band society here. I am going to join when I get a little older, for it is only the bigger girls that belong to it.

GERALDINE (aged 8).

Durham, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have two little pigeons and my brother has a little black dog called Sport. We also have a little Indian pony.

A. W. A. (aged 9).

Kingarf.

Dear Editor,—Kingarf is a small post-office twelve miles from Kincardine. My father keeps a store. At Sunday-school I get the 'Messenger.' I like to read the correspondence. I have an uncle and aunt who are missionaries among the Esquimos in the far north. The Esquimos live in snow houses. For three or four months they never see the sun. My uncle has been there four years and my aunt two years; they have one little girl. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,

EDNA (aged 9).

West Dublin.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and think it a very nice paper. I am very much interested in the correspondence, and always look to see if I know anyone who writes.

PEARLE E. V. B. (aged 12).

Ancaster, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My uncle sent the 'Messenger' to my brother for one year, but father is going to get it for another year. When I was sick my Sunday-school teacher sent me a nice letter and a lovely yellow ribbon bookmark. We have had to stay at home from day-school and Sunday-school over a month, and I will be glad when I go again. I have two brothers and two sisters. We are saving the 'Messengers' up to send to Muskoka.

FLOSSIE (aged 8).

Napanee.

Dear Editor,—I have been away on a trip to Manitoba with my papa and mamma. We started from Napanee on the last day of August, and went straight through to Douglass, near Brandon, where we spent a week. One day we drove to Brandon to see the Experimental Farm, the Hospital and the Industrial School. Next we went to Lauder, and stayed there two weeks. My little cousin Ross and I had lots of fun. Our next visit was at my uncle's in Deloraine. From there we went to Grand Forks in Minnesota, where I have another aunt. Her house is near a car track, and I saw several tramps stealing rides under the cars. We came home by way of Winnipeg, and had a half-day and all night there; it is a fine large city. We went around all we could on street cars. We were away from home two months, and enjoyed our trip very much. I like to travel. By bringing in wood I earn the money every year to take the 'Messenger' for myself and one for my cousin in Manitoba. I was in Montreal last spring and saw the plates being made to print the 'Messenger.' It was very interesting.

KENNETH (aged 8).

Wise Dogs.

A gentleman tells the following anecdote about one of his dogs, which was evidently able in some mysterious fashion to tell the days of the week:—

'I had reared from a pup a shepherd's dog who, like many of this particular breed, showed remarkable intelligence, combined with the sweetest temper. She was a great favorite in the family, but looked upon me especially as her master. I had occasion to leave home at that time, returning regularly at the end of three weeks, sometimes longer, but always on a Saturday.

No one saw the dog leave the door firmly back with the door-mat, which he had rolled up for the purpose, and after having taken this precaution, the prudent animal proceeded to look for the slippers. — 'Child's Companion.'

house except on such days as I returned. But as certainly as I came home did I find my friend waiting for me, stiting bolt upright at a turn of the road, half a mile from the house. When I appeared in sight she scampered with the speed of a steam-engine to meet me, loud in her rejoicings, and greeted me very boisterously.'

A collie in Scotland, whom I know well, is in the habit of fetching from his master's room, slippers, cap, keys, or anything he is sent for. One day, sent on the usual errand, he did not reappear. His master followed, and found that the door of the bed-room had blown to, and that the dog was a prisoner.

Some days later he was again told to fetch something; and as the wind was high, his master, after a few minutes' delay, followed him. He found him in the act of fixing the

The Sorrowful Caterpillar.

Once there was a little brown caterpillar, who had a beautiful mother whom he had never seen. This mother was a butterfly with lovely wings, who flew about all day long. It was not her fault that the little caterpillar had never seen her, for she hovered about him from sunrise to sunset. But his eyes could only see a little way, and he could not look up to where she was.

So he stayed down on the ground, always grieving and sorrowful. He wanted his mother so! He could not see that she was near, but he got an idea that if he could only put off his fur coat, he could go and find her.

So he pulled and tugged and strained, but he could not get it off. He bruised himself all over in his efforts, but they were in vain.

At last he was so tired he felt ready to die. He lay down too weary to care what did become of him. He had just enough strength left to spin a soft cocoon and creep into it, and there he lay stark and stiff and seemingly dead.

His beautiful mother looked down pityingly upon him as he lay deaf to every sound, blind and motionless, —d she said tenderly, 'Now he is really going to be a butterfly.'

At last he awoke to life—a new life. The first thing he felt was a strange cramped sensation. With great effort he thrust his head out of his prison, and then dragged his body out, and sat limp and wet on the edge of the cocoon.

The kind sun shone gently over him, and warmed and dried him. The sweet air and the blue sky filled him with joy.

Looking about him he saw crowds of winged creatures flitting to and fro. It was the first time the idea of wings had ever come to him.

'I believe I could fly, too, if I had wings like that,' he said to himself.

The most beautiful butterfly of all moved softly toward him.

'Try and see,' said a voice that sounded strange and sweet.

He did not stop to question or think, but made an effort to obey.

Beautiful shining wings spread themselves upon his back and bore him up and up. He had found a power that he had never even dreamed of.

'Now,' he said, 'I will go and look for my mother.'

But when he turned to seek her, he found her at his side.

'I have been with you all the time,' she said softly, 'but you could not see.'

Sometimes we wish and wish and long to see our dear Lord. And some time we shall leave our bodies here and shall find him and be like him, and learn that he has been ever near us. It was only that our earthly eyes could not see him. Let us pray that we may feel God's presence, if we may not see him. — 'Mayflower.'

Little Brothers.

Some boys and girls are always saying, 'What's the harm?' If you tell them not to go to this or that place, not to look or speak or act so and so, their ready answer is always waiting on the tongue-tip, 'Why, what's the harm?' And sometimes it is hard to make them see that a thing which is not quite black, hateful, wicked, wrong, may be wrong and hurtful to do in certain times and places.

Stories are such helps and lights in understanding things that I shall have to tell you one. Harold was a little fellow who had never been to school in all his little life. He did

not know that you had to sit up straight on straight-backed seats and look hard at a book and keep your lips still and never mind if a bird or a bee sailed past the window, or care that the squirrels chattered. All this he found out in a day or two.

But mamma knew. And she knew just how hard it would be for Baby Harold to keep still in this way a whole forenoon. It was long and long ago, before the beautiful days of kindergarten, and little boys and big ones all went to the same school, only, of course, they did not all come to the same classes.

'Walter, come here, please,' she said when she had given the last loving pat to the little cap and coat and kissed her baby schoolboy.

Walter was Harold's older brother. He had been five years at school and was one of the big boys.

'I want you to set your little brother a good example,' she said earnestly. 'He is really too little to go, but if you do just right, and he does as you do, he will not get into trouble. Be sure you don't whisper or do any of those things, for he will copy exactly.'

So they went off together. But Walter had forgotten to tell mother one thing. Sometimes the older boys and girls had 'permission.' That meant that 'in geography,' or when they were studying some other lesson the teacher let them whisper a little softly about the lesson; never about anything else, of course, so it was all right, if they were very quiet about it.

Well, late in the forenoon, the time when Walter had a little time to study his lesson, and he changed his seat to do it with a boy he liked. In an instant little Harold changed his. Then Walter began to whisper about towns and rivers. Little Harold whispered about marbles and popguns. You can guess what came next. The teacher came down from his platform, and took the little boy and made him stand on the floor in a great chalk circle that she made to stand him in! Just think what a dreadful disgrace! And all because the big boy did what could not safely be copied by the little one. Take care not to be a stumbling-block to anybody.

For mother-love, and father-care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair;
For love at home and here each day;
For guidance lest we go astray,—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

—'Little Pilgrim.'

Mamma's Right-Hand Men.

(By Annie H. Donnell.)

Five of them all in a row,
Dimpled and white as snow.
Sure and steady, always ready,
Glad enough to run,
Helping mamma is fun.

The first little fellow, you see,
Is short and fat as can be!
And he stands below the rest of the row,
And they above him,
Look down and love him.

The next little helper to him,
Is straight and proud and slim.
Just a bit haughty, not a bit naughty,
He and his little fat neighbor
Are partners in their labor.

In the middle, in honest pride—
Two subjects on either side,—
The king is there, stately and fair.
A silver crown wears he,
And he wears it royally.

Beside him with languid grace,
The fourth man takes his place.
He's a bit of a dandy, and not very handy,
But he does his best,
As well as the rest.

And last of them all in the row,
Stands the baby brother, you know.
(If you don't know, I would not say so!)
For who cannot guess it, then?
Who are mamma's right-hand men?

—'Youth's Companion.'

Advantages of Politeness.

An elderly lady, passing down a busy street in New Haven, was overtaken by a sudden shower. She was some distance from any acquaintance, and had no umbrella. She was deliberating what to do when a pleasant voice beside her said: 'Will you take my umbrella, madam?' The speaker was a boy, perhaps ten years old.

'Thank you,' said the lady; 'I am afraid you will get wet.'

'Never mind me, ma'am; I am but a boy, and you are a lady.'

'But perhaps you will accompany me to a friend's and then I shall not find it necesary to rob you.'

The boy did so, and received the thanks of the lady, and then departed.

Two years rolled away, the lady often related the circumstance, and often wondered what had become of her friend, but little thinking ever to see him again. In the dull season of the year this boy was thrown out of employment; and the circumstances coming to the knowledge of this lady she gave him a good home till March, when she introduced him to a good permanent position. Kindness seldom goes unrequited, even in this world.—'Sunday Hour.'

When It Grows Dark.

A dear little girl was playing on a beautiful lawn. An old friend of the family stopped to speak to her.

'I'm sure you are glad to have spring come, Meta,' he said. 'You play out here a great deal.'

'I just love to be out of doors,' said Meta, 'I like to play here all day.'

'But when it grows dark, what do you do?' asked the gentleman.

'Oh, then I run in to mamma,' said the child.

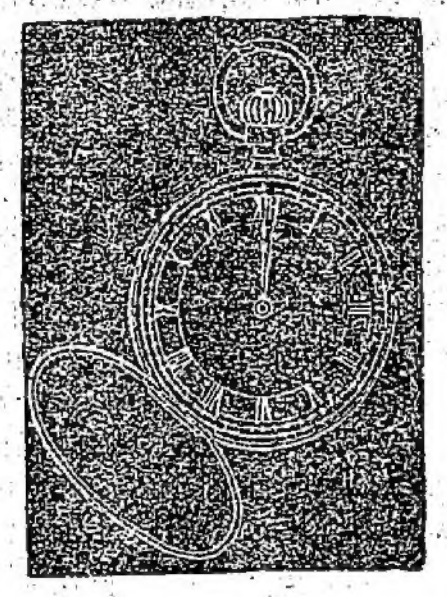
'What if mamma should not be in the house?' was the next question.

'Then I should just wait till she came,' said Meta, 'for she wouldn't be gone long and leave me.'

All children feel so about their mothers, don't they? Do all feel so about their heavenly father and loving Saviour? They may, and should. Sometimes it is easy to forget when everything is bright and happy that Jesus is near, but when the dark comes, when something hard or sorrowful comes, every loving child is sure to run right to his Father in heaven for help. He is never far away. There is never any need to wait. Be sure that he will never leave any little one of his long in the dark, no matter what the trouble may be. No one needs to call very loud or wait any time at all for help, for the Lord is always near.—'Happy Hours.'

Blackboard Temperance Lesson.

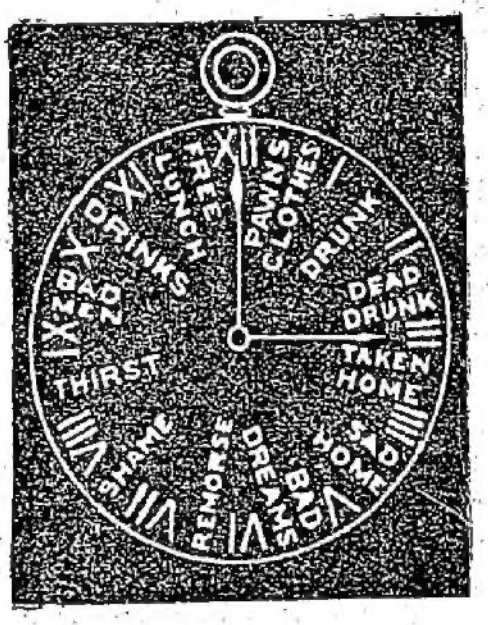
(Mrs. W. F. Crafts in 'Temperance Banner.')



Every boy is happy to be the owner of a watch. Of course, he wants the kind that will go, and tell time. A play watch that is right only twice in twenty-four hours—a painted watch, so to speak—is not at all satisfactory to a boy. There is a good way and a bad way to use a watch. Indeed, there are then two ways of using almost everything that is good in itself. When you are set some kind of a task to do, whether it is to work or to study, or to practice music, it is a bad sign when a boy keeps taking out his watch every few minutes to see if the time is not nearly up.

Instead, let us look at our watches to see how we can do more to 'fill all the hours with the sweetest things,' the best things that we know how to do. This is the way Jesus wants us to do, for when he was in this world he told his apostles to live this way.

How is it with a drunkard's watch, do you suppose? It keeps on going all of the time, that is, if it is wound up and goes right too, doesn't it? It does not get drunk, because its owner does! The drunkard takes out his watch, and looks at it, but he cannot tell much about the time. He is pretty sure to come home late. How does he fill all the hours?



We will begin with six o'clock in the morning. He wakes up all tired out, for his sleep has been disturbed with bad dreams. He is sober when he wakes up, and he remembers what a bad man he was yesterday. He knows better, and so he has remorse. He is sorry and promises himself that he is not going to get drunk again. At seven o'clock he rises from his bed, dresses himself and comes out to meet his wife and children. He looks at his wife, and her eyes are all red, because she has been weeping nearly all night, and her face is very sad. His children do not come up to kiss him, but they look at him as if they were afraid of him. Yes, they are afraid of him. How ashamed the man is, so ashamed that he has nothing to say while eating his breakfast. At eight o'clock he goes out, and thinks he will try and find some work to do. But everybody knows he is a drunkard, and nobody wants to hire a drunkard. He feels very thirsty, for what, water? No, for liquor, and so he begs for money, and gets a little, and goes directly to the saloon to spend it. It is only nine o'clock in the morning. At the saloon he meets a lot of bad men, and they treat him, that is, pay for his drinks, after the little money he has is gone. Between eleven and twelve o'clock he begins to feel hungry, but he does not need to leave the saloon, for the saloon-keeper sets out a 'free lunch.' He does this because he expects the men who eat to buy liquor. The drunkard has no more money, but he takes off his vest, and tells the saloon-keeper to take it, and give him so many drinks for it, so between twelve and one o'clock he 'pawns his clothes.' Between two and three o'clock he gets drunk. Between three and four he is so drunk that he does not know anything: 'dead drunk.' Between four and five o'clock he is taken home. Between five and six, the mother and children are filled with sorrow to see the drunken husband and father. He is very cross to them, and will hurt them if they do not keep out of his way. He goes to bed early and has a night of troubled, drunken sleep.

This is about the story which a drunkard's watch tells nearly every day. Some days it is a little better, and some days worse. You do not wonder we are told in the Bible: 'Be not drunk with wine,' and that means any kind of strong drink. Jesus said to Peter and John and the other Apostles: 'Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.' Do you think a drunkard would be ready to see Jesus if Jesus should come back to this world?

How different it would be with those who are trying to fill all the hours with the sweetest things, kind words, noble deeds done 'in his name.' There are some people in the world who would seem to be ready at any time for Jesus to come. Jesus says of such, 'Blessed is that servant whom his lord when he cometh, shall find so doing.' And Jesus promises that all such shall have great reward—even high places in heaven.

But, alas! for those who are drunken, Jesus says of them that they shall have sorrow and woe, for they shall not be allowed to dwell with the Heavenly Father and the holy angels.

What Became Of a Drink.

In the year 1849, on the 3rd day of October, a traveller from Richmond, in Virginia, to Philadelphia, got out of a train at the refreshment station at Baltimore. He was tired with the journey and still had some distance to go. A friend whom he met there invited him to take a drink. What harm could there be in that? Was it not the part of good fellowship to do so? Who but a churl, a fellow who ought to be treated with contempt, some bigoted, miserable teetotaler, could raise an objection? The two friends, with good intentions, went to the bar. Had a drink. What was the result?

The gentleman who was thus tempted was a poet of very high promise. His career had been wild and bad. His name was Edgar Allen Poe. His tales had revealed rare genius. One or two poems he had written were radiant with promise. Every literary critic was assured that if he would become steady and settle down to a good life he would be one of the brightest stars of American literature. But the counsels of wise men and the influence of good friends had no effect. Whilst in Richmond he had been brought to penitence for the past, and vowed reformation. He signed the pledge and joined a temperance society to enable him to resist his great foe, strong drink. He gave a lecture on total abstinence, which was attended by the best people in Richmond, who rejoiced at the change and were full of hope. A lady whom he had long loved now consented to an engagement, and arrangements were made for the wedding. All his friends were satisfied that the man had changed, and meant to work and live a good life. Before the marriage took place he had an invitation to Philadelphia for some literary work. Life was bright and all promised well. But whilst staying for a few minutes at Baltimore, a well-meaning friend persuaded him once more to open the door to the demon who had blasted his life up to that hour, but was now subdued. What inducements were used, what strong asseverations that one glass could do no harm were made, what jests at being a milksop were employed, what sneers at teetotal fanaticism were indulged in, we cannot tell. At length Poe only just turned the key in the lock. He took a drink.

There are foolish persons who say they have no sympathy with a man who cannot take just one glass or two, perhaps, and stop there. No wise lover of his fellows will say that. Some of the very best men cannot. It is often the finest brains that are driven into insanity with a few drops of alcohol, which speedily destroys the equilibrium of the whole system, as a little snake poison will do. Poe could not stop at one glass. At Havre de Grace he was found so disorderly that he was taken back to Baltimore in the custody of the conductor of the Philadelphia train. There he did what numbers have done—run riot in drink, completely mastered by the demon he had been foolish enough to set free. In the course of a few days he was taken to a hospital in an insensible state. On Sunday morning, October 7, he awoke to consciousness 'Where am I?' he asked. A kind-hearted doctor who was by the bedside said, 'You are cared for by your best friends. After a pause Poe solemnly replied, 'My best friend would be the man who would blow out my brains.' In ten minutes he was a corpse. The next day he was interred in the burial-ground of Westminster church, and America lost one of the most promising, brilliant writers she ever possessed. What became of the friend who induced him to take that drink at the Baltimore refreshment room? What did he think of it when he learned the results? What will he think of it in eternity? If angels have any insight into futurity, what must they have felt if permitted to witness that scene at the refreshment bar? Surely some demon sent a thrill of hellish joy throughout the pit as it saw the man lift the glass! Oh, it is terrible to think what a brilliant light in English literature that glass quenched! And one is reminded of a certain great poet, who lived more than many centuries previously, who said, possibly seeing a similar evil in his day, 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink.'—J. Hunt Cooke in 'The Freeman.'

Sympathy Performs Wonders

A word of sympathy will often do wonders. In point of fact, sympathy saves.

John B. Gough, as a young man, was a notorious drunkard. No man in drunkenness was ever more the brute than he. At last he was induced to sign the pledge, and he determined that he would keep it. But later on, while working at his bench, despair seized him. No word of sympathy had yet been spoken to him. Throwing off his apron, he said:

'I'll give it up! I'll go to the saloon for a drink!'

In that moment a lawyer entered his shop, and extending his hand in a cordial greeting, said:

'John, keep up a brave heart! God bless you! Call at my office and see me.'

These words gave him new courage, and determined him to fight the demon. He had a bitter fight, but he fought, and with God's help, won. More than that, he became the world's foremost lecturer on the temperance platform, and did valiant work until death. —'Forward.'

Dr. R. N. Bucke, medical superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, London, Canada, in a report said: 'As we have given up the use of alcohol we have needed and used less opium and chloral, and as we have discontinued the use of alcohol, opium and chloral we have needed and used less seclusion and restraint.'

LESSON XII.—DEC. 18.

The Captivity Of Judah.

Jeremiah lii., 1-11. Memory verses, 9-11. Read II. Kings xxv. and Jer. viii.

Home Readings.

M. II. Kings, xxiv., 1-20.—Zedekiah's evil reign.
T. Jer. viii., 1-22.—'No man repented him of his wickedness.'
W. Ezek. xii., 1-28.—Ezekiel foretells the captivity.
T. II. Kings xxv., 1-30.—'So Judah was carried away.'
F. Jer. lii., 1-11.—The captivity of Judah.
S. Matt. xi., 20-30.—Woes denounced for unbelief.
S. Heb. xii., 1-29.—'See that ye refuse not him that speaketh.'

Golden Text.

'Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.'—Jer. xxix., 13.

Lesson Story.

We come now to the story of the last king of Judah. We have studied the lives of nineteen kings of Judah, descendants of David,—Asa, Hezekiah and Josiah stand out as types of godly rulers, while Jehoram, Athaliah and Ahaz are among the worst. The good kings made great reformations among the people, but the bad kings taught the Jews to do worse even than the heathen around them. The weak characters among the kings were easily led astray, because they did not seek strength from Jehovah.

Zedekiah, brother of Jehoiakim, son of Josiah, was twenty-one years old when he began to reign, and he reigned eleven years in Jerusalem. Zedekiah pleased himself and did evil in God's sight. God had sent many warnings to his people to turn to him and serve him only. But they would not listen to his prophets and despised his threats. For three hundred and fifty years he gave them opportunity to repent, and the few who did so were 'the remnant' whose safety and ultimate prosperity were promised (Isa. xi., 11; Ezek. xxxvii., 21-28). But to those who mocked at Jehovah and served abominable idols of their own making, punishment had to come. (Deut. xxviii., 15, 25, 36, 37.)

Zedekiah foolishly rebelled against Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, who had already invaded Judah a number of times and had made Zedekiah a vassal king only, over the land. God had allowed Nebuchadnezzar to carry away kings and leaders of the people (II. Kings xxiv., 11-17), thus giving those who were left warning and time to repent. But they would not. So in the ninth year of Zedekiah's reign Nebuchadnezzar came with an immense army against Jerusalem. But the city was strongly fortified and the siege lasted eighteen months. Inside Jerusalem the people suffered indescribable torture with famine as there was no way of obtaining good supplies from outside. One night the men, knowing that they could live there no longer without food, opened the gate of the king's garden and sought to escape. But the Chaldeans pursued them, captured the faithless Zedekiah and brought him to Nebuchadnezzar, who, after having his sons slain before his eyes, blinded him and cast him into prison. After this Nebuchadnezzar sent and burned up the temple and destroyed the city of Jerusalem and took most of the people captive, leaving only enough peasants to till the ground and dress the vines.

Thus did Jehovah punish his people for their prolonged and aggravated disobedience. The Lamentations of Jeremiah refer to the destruction of Jerusalem. The prophecies of Ezekiel also belong to this period. These should be thoughtfully studied.

Lesson Hints.

'Zedekiah'—son of king Josiah and Hamutal. Jehoahaz and Jehoiakim, his brothers, had reigned before him.

'Hamutal'—daughter of Jeremiah of Libnah near Jerusalem. Nothing farther is known of this Jeremiah.

'Evil'—a man of weak character. No man need be weak if he will seek the strength of Jehovah. Obedience to God brings strength.

'The anger of the Lord'—the Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy, because he is merciful he is slow to punish, but because he is just he is sure to punish those who will not repent.

'From his presence'—from the place where the glory of God was manifested, in the temple (Psa. xxvi., 8; xxvii., 4), from the land of promise.

'Zedekiah rebelled aginst the king of Babylon'—to whom he was a tributary and by whom he had been set upon the throne. He had sworn allegiance to Nebuchadnezzar and breaking this oath was the final act of faithlessness. He who keeps not faith with God cannot keep faith with man.

'The tenth month'—the end of December, B.C. 588, or January, 587.

'Nebuchadnezzar'—a great Assyrian conqueror and ruler. It is said that nine-tenths of the bricks found in Babylon are stamped with his name.

'Besieged'—the enemy settled down outside the walls and daily attacked the city with their huge battering-rams and other implements of warfare. Houses inside the city were broken down that the stone might be taken to make the wall stronger.

'Chaldeans'—Nebuchadnezzar's army was made up of fierce warriors from his tributary and allied nations.

'Riblah'—a city about two hundred miles north of Jerusalem.

Questions.

1. What relation was Zedekiah to the former king?
2. What was the character of Zedekiah?
3. Who destroyed Jerusalem and took Zedekiah captive?
4. Why did God allow Jerusalem to be destroyed?
5. Where was Zedekiah taken?
6. How can we find God?

Suggested Hymns.

'He is able to deliver thee,' 'Only a step to Jesus,' 'Weeping will not save me,' 'Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry,' 'Out of my bondage,' 'Ho, every one that is thirsty in spirit,' 'Jesus saves.'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

The captivity of Judah. Jeremiah lii., 1-11.

Zedekiah was the son of Josiah. He walked not in the ways of his good father, but did evil like his wicked brother. Verse 1, 2.

Sin will never go unpunished. Verse 3.

Jehovah often used the heathen nations to chastise his chosen people. Verses 4, 5.

Zedekiah's cowardly attempt to escape was foiled. With God against him he became an easy prey to his enemies. Verses 6-8.

Zedekiah's lot was hard because he chose the way of transgressors, not realizing that the end thereof was death. Verses 9-11. Prov. xvi., 25.

Tiverton, Ont.

Lesson Illustrated.

Sin is a downward road always from the moment we enter upon it. Not always though can we see so clearly the rapid descent as in this lesson. We begin with Zedekiah upon

the throne of Judah, we end with him a blind prisoner in the dungeons of Babylon.

'They fall farthest who have farthest to fall' is an old saying, and it is always easier to fall than to rise, to go down than climb up. Every added sin gives greater impetus on the downward course. It is easier to sin next time. But down, always down, till we grasp the hand of Christ and with him start on the upward way again.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Dec. 18.—How to enjoy our religion.—Neb. viii., 8-12; I. Pet. iv., 8-12, 13.

Memorizing Scripture.

Why is it and how is it that the practice of memorizing scripture verses and hymns is passing away? That it is dying out, the record of almost any Sunday-school and the story of the home abundantly attest. Perhaps it is due to the excessive memorizing that prevailed in the time of Robert Raikes, when the competition throughout England and on the Continent in the matter of memorizing scripture texts led to the cramming of hundreds of texts into the brains of little children, and in the main to no good purpose, but resulting in harm to the child. But to whatever the loss of the habit of scripture memorizing be due, it ought to be resumed. It is not necessary to go to any extreme in this matter; but it ought not to be difficult for the child to acquire say five verses a day, or fifteen or twenty bible verses, or a hymn or two a week. Treasured in the memory, these selections become a personal possession of inestimable worth.

In this relation it may be profitable to recall the testimony of one of the wisest and greatest of men, Mr. Gladstone. 'Who doubts,' he asks, 'that times without number, particular portions of scripture find their way to the human soul, as if embassies from on high, each with its own commission of comfort, of guidance, or of warning?' And he adds: 'What crisis, what trouble, what perplexity has failed, or can fail, to draw from this indescribable treasure-house its proper supply? What profession, what position is not daily and hourly enriched by these words which repetition never weakens; which carry with them now, as in the days of their first utterance, the freshness of youth and immortality? When the solitary student opens all his heart to drink them in, they will reward his toil. And in forms yet more hidden and withdrawn, in the retirement of the chamber, in the stillness of the night season, upon the bed of sickness, and in the face of death, the bible will be there, its several words how oft winged with their several and special messages to heal and to soothe, to uplift and to uphold, to invigorate and stir. Nay, more, perhaps, than this; amid the crowds of the court or the forum, or the streets or the marketplace, where every thought of every soul seems to be set upon the excitement of ambition, or of business, or of pleasure, there, too, even there, the still small voice of the holy bible will be heard, and the soul, aided by some blessed word, may find wings like a dove, may flee away and be at rest.' How is it in your home?—'American Paper.'

Pray For Your Scholars.

I cannot close without saying, finally, that no teacher can expect the blessing of God upon his labors unless he prays daily for each member of his class personally. Where classes are large I know the petition must be brief; but, at least, we should daily call the roll of our scholars in our Father's presence. It is one help, certainly, in this matter, to divide our scholars into classes as we pray—those who are Christians and those who are not. Then, by arranging them alphabetically in our minds, the number will be no serious obstacle in our prayers. The power of prayer is not a question for our discussion; we all believe in it. We can never teach successfully if we leave our best weapon unused. If I may be allowed another personal allusion, many years ago I had a young man who was for a time a regular attendant at the Sunday-school. But he fell under evil influences and drifted very far away from God and the truth. For years prayers were daily offered for that young man, and he knew it. Thanks to our Father's love, he was brought back again by new friends to see truth and duty. He died recently west of the Rocky Mountains, and the home missionary pastor wrote me that in his last hours one of the thoughts that he continually expressed was this, referring to the old bible-class teacher, 'Was he not good, to pray for me so long?' 'And he spake a parable to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint.' Did not the Lord, when he spake of this, have the discouraged Sunday-school teacher in mind? I know not how better to close these very simple suggestions than by repeating words which I have used elsewhere, that the root of all methods must be an intense love for the salvation of men, and that this is a germ and growth of God's planting. Love will always find a way to work, and the poorest method with God is better than all others without him.—S. B. Capen, in 'Superintendent and Teacher.'

HOUSEHOLD.

The Sick Child's Diet.

(By Christine Terhune Herrick, in 'Harper's Bazar.')

By the use of a proper diet many of a child's light ailments may be partially or entirely relieved. In view of this fact it is a pity that there should be among mothers so limited a comprehension of the effect of certain foods upon a disordered system.

Let us take, for example, one of the minor troubles to which many children are subject —summer-complaint, so-called, although it frequently manifests itself in cold weather. Few, indeed, are the nurseries in which the principal treatment of this disorder is by diet. The paregoric-bottle is usually the first resort in those homes where the old practice is followed and if one application fails to cure the evil, the dose is doubled. In other homes a dose of castor oil is considered a specific for an attack of diarrhoea. I have known these courses to have been adopted with children whose diet in the meanwhile received absolutely no attention.

Two pictures rise before me as I write. One is that of a delicate little girl of five, with a tendency to bronchial affection and bowel weakness, standing knee-deep in wet grass under a pear tree, eating her fill of unripe pears; the other that of a small boy whose intestinal troubles kept him constantly under the doctor's charge, rising from his seat in front of a basket of peaches and announcing that he had just finished his tenth. In both cases the parents looked on complacently, apparently as unmoved by the recollection that they had been up most of the previous night endeavoring to relieve the indigestion of their offspring, as by the anticipation that they would probably pass the ensuing night in the same fashion. I may state, en passant, that one child is dead and the other a hopeless dyspeptic.

One more example out of the scores that occur to me. This is of a child of ten, who was sent away from home by her parents in the hope that a change of air would improve her health, and break up the terrible attacks of nausea and pain, accompanied by dysentery, from which she suffered constantly. She was taken to the home of a relative, who had children of her own, and principles by which she reared them. She watched the child for a day or two, noticed that she came to breakfast without spirits or appetite, and that she complained of a constant acid taste in the mouth, as well as of headache and sick stomach. Investigation revealed that she always went to bed with a parcel of candy under her pillow, ate it before she went to sleep, took a nibble at it when she awoke in the night, and broke her fast with it the first thing in the morning. Her mother knew of this habit, and had given her money with which to replenish her supply when that which she brought with her from home gave out.

Without going so far as to say that all except contagious or infectious diseases can be averted by a proper diet, I do not hesitate to insist that it is never necessary for a healthy child to suffer from attacks of stomach or bowel trouble, any more than it is obligatory upon him to have a certain number of hard colds during the winter. Moreover, there is no doubt that he is in infinitely less danger of contracting disease of any sort, epidemic or otherwise, if he is properly nourished than when he is fed in the haphazard style that prevails in most households.

A little careful watching will indicate to the mother what foods produce specific results upon her child. Should she find, after two or three experiments, that this or that article causes pain or nausea, or is even injurious in some less marked manner, she should drop that item from the bill of fare, for a time at least. Sometimes a child may be disturbed in early life by a dish that will not disagree with him when he is older.

Feet and Shoes.

(Jennie Chandler, in 'Journal of Hygiene.')

I sometimes wonder why so many women fail to understand how to take proper care of the feet. The feet are tortured into footgear that is a size too small, that fits in no particular, that presses on the flesh unequally, and causes corns, and, above all, that makes women limp and wabble like ducks. Why women will persist in wearing hideously high heels no person in the world, not even themselves, is able to say. Not only does it throw too great a portion of the weight of the body forward on the toes, causing a spinal disorder, but it throws all the important internal organs out of place, and this at last results in a lot of more or less serious internal troubles.

To put the foot in a well-fitting shoe of the size that properly belongs to it and to wear low heels is the best way to preserve the foot in perfect health; and let me gently say that tight shoes are one cause of red noses and an unhealthy complexion.

If you have a long, narrow foot, or a fat one, it is better to have your shoes and boots made expressly for you, as ready-made ones do not take into consideration anything out of the common as regards the formation of the foot. If you have a flat foot, do not wear a too arched instep; if your foot is very arched, see that your boot is made to fit it. Always have your shoes eased for you before wearing them; and be careful never to take long walks when wearing a new pair, unless the fit of the shoe is perfect, and the pressure just right on every part. I have known lameness ensue, and pain is the inevitable result.

The feet should be well washed, at least once a day, twice if possible. Tepid water should be used, and the whole foot and ankle should be massaged. The feet need not be soaked in the water, but only kept in long enough to wash them. Too hot water and keeping the feet too long in it will make the skin very tender, and will cause various other troubles.

To keep the flesh in good healthy condition, rub a little salt on the soles when still wet. This will not only strengthen them, but keep you from catching cold. Salt and water dashed over the feet and legs will often cure neuralgia in the feet, especially if massage is given to them afterwards.

After a long walk, or when the feet are swollen from much standing, they should be bathed and rubbed. Teach your children the importance of caring for their feet, of being proud of perfect ones, and set them an example by doing this yourselves.

Cold Feet.

Those who suffer from cold feet will be glad to hear that two pairs of the thinnest stockings will be found warmer in wear than one pair of the very thickest made. There is a scientific reason for this, namely, that between the two stockings there is preserved a layer of warm air.

Cultivating a Love For Books.

Susan Coolidge says: 'If old tales were true and the gift-conferring fairies came to stand around a baby's bed, each with a present in her hand, I think out of all that they could bestow I should choose for any child in whom I was interested these two things—a quick sense of humor and a love for books. There is nothing so lasting or so satisfying. Riches may take wings, beauty fade, grace vanish into fat, a sweet voice become harsh, rheumatism may cripple the fingers which played or painted so deftly—with each and all of these delighted things time may play sad tricks, but to life's end the power to see the droll side of events is an unfailing cheer, and so long as eyes and ears last books furnish a world of interest and escape, whose doors stand always open.'

The real lover of books is thus introduced into the best society of all ages. At any time he can join the company of the brightest, keenest minds the world has ever known. The boy or girl who has formed a taste for the best literature has at least one strong, beautiful thread running through the warp of his life.

Have not we as mothers, therefore, a duty to our children to foster and encourage their love for books? Ought we not even to try to create this love? Almost anything can be done with a very little child in this direction if the mother really desires this joy for her little one, if she herself fully believes in the value of the taste to be acquired. Of course she must care for the best literature herself if she expects her child to do so. If the mother's time be limited, let the child see how much value is set upon the few minutes that can be taken for reading.—R. M. Brown, in 'Congregationalist.'

Selected Recipes.

Cup custards — Beat four eggs together until light. Add one half-cupful of sugar, one-fourth of a grated nutmeg, and one quart of sweet milk. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, and pour into custard cups. Place the cups in a pan of boiling water and put it into the oven, till the custards are firm in the centre. Test them by putting the handle of a spoon in the centre. If the custard does not stick to the handle, it is done. Remove the cups from the water, and set them away to cool. Serve in the same cups in which they are baked.

To Boil a Ham—Scrape and wash the ham in two waters. Put it in a kettle and pour over cold water, barely enough to cover. Add one pint of vinegar. As soon as it comes to a boil remove the scum, add a pinch of red pepper and ten or fifteen cloves. Boil slowly till tender; remove the skin, cover with the white of an egg and rub it over with rolled cracker. Put it in the oven and give it a nice brown. The ragged parts with odds and ends, after the ham has been nearly used up, can be chopped very fine and mixed with a dressing composed of one dessertspoonful of mustard, two of melted butter, the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, rubbed fine, a little salt and four tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Mixed all together and spread on bread cut thin it makes a nice sandwich.

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